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May 15 1965

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MACLEAN'S REPORTS

MAY 15 1965 VOLUME 78 NUMBER 10

Blair Fraser Backstage at Ottawa

AN ELECTION SOON? YES —IF MIKE GETS A PUSH

SPECULATION about the next election date constant now for nearly two years is about to end The government is planning a showdown within the next few weeks which will either bring on a campaign this summer or put it off for a year and a half

Most Liberals would rather have it now Rightly or wrongly they think their party's stock is high — the Dorion inquiry brought out nothing new against them, record-breaking prosperity seems to endorse their economic policies, and their 1965 program has brought forth almost nothing but praise from all sides Even if they are wrong about their own strength, they feel they can't be wrong about Conservative weakness. With all of French Canada unmistakably lost and at least half the party in open revolt against a leader who often threatens but never consents to resign Tory forces could hardly be in worse disarray

But even with these inducements to egg him on, Prime Minister Pearson is reluctant to call an election without some kind of provocation. Political expediency is not enough If he could count on going ahead with his program in a reasonably orderly parliament he would still do so according to men who work closely with him They "simply cannot imagine" Pearson calling an election like a Jovian bolt from the blue So those Liberals who pine for a summer campaign must also look for some kind of challenge to set it off

They have given up all hope of being defeated in the House of Commons — ever since the Opposition fiasco of April 9 when no fewer than twenty eight Conservatives were absent from the vote on their own leader's no-confidence motion Eight of the absentees come from the prairie provinces, the Diefenbaker heartland, including Alvin Hamilton, once such a Diefenbaker stalwart Absent too were three of the four New Brunswick Tories, and five of the remaining eight in Quebec as well as nine from Ontario

Jim Walker chief Liberal whip has taken to offering tongue-in-cheek apologies to the hot pro-election firebrands in his own party "I'm terribly sorry chaps but I'm afraid we're going to win the confidence vote again this time" Conservative House Leader Gordon Churchill summed up the position with a masterpiece of understatement "Election fever is not running very high among our fellows at the moment"

Failing an adverse vote in the House of Commons the only other thing that would clearly justify an early dissolution would be obstruction of the government's program a resumption of the blockading tactics of the last session Most of the 1965 program is as unlikely to be obstructed as Santa Claus for the same reason But there is one exception — the proposed reform of parliamentary procedure

In theory of course procedural reform is equally obstruction proof Nobody would dare defend the chronic chaos and near anarchy of the present Canadian House of Commons Everyone pays lip service to measures for improving its efficiency and diminishing its loquacity But to be effective, such measures must include some means of allocating the time for debate some restriction on the almost unlimited rights of filibuster and veto whereby any minority is now able to bring the Parliament of Canada to a dead stop

HOW CAN I GET THE PRAIRIE KID TO DRAW FIRST WHEN I'VE ALREADY DRAWN ?
LEWIS PARKER

To get its reforms adopted by the House the minority Pearson government must have the support of at least one opposition party and preferably two or more This is probably an adequate guarantee that the new rules won't muzzle parliament or deprive the loyal opposition of any of its usefulness But what they will do (if they're to do any good at all) is deprive John Diefenbaker of the negative control of the Commons which he has exercised for the past two years

Obviously Diefenbaker won't give up that commanding position without a fight If he can rally the Conservative caucus behind him he'll probably make it a fight to the last ditch — a filibuster which would inevitably within a few weeks give the government ample reason to call an election and let the people decide.

But it's by no means a foregone conclusion that the Conservative caucus will back its leader in this strategy With the possible exception of Diefenbaker himself no Tory MP wants an election this summer with his party in the shape it's in Hardly a Tory seat would be safe except on the prairies and not every seat even there Blocking parliamentary reform would not be a popular stance considering the reputation this parliament has earned under its present rules And besides these negative reasons for wanting to avoid battle on the issue, there is a positive reason which appeals to more Tory MPs than would admit it in public

Once the rules change is accepted, the Liberals will no longer have any excuse for a snap election And with that threat removed once and for all the Conservatives could safely turn to grapple with their own leadership problem — take the necessary steps to force the calling of a convention, without the risk of having to run an election campaign while decapitated

This, of course is all the more reason why Diefenbaker and his dwindling band of personal followers should insist on a fight to the bitter end against procedural changes The issue will be decided in the privacy of the Conservative caucus before it reaches the House of Commons at all But we shall soon know which side has won

A DOCTOR'S AGONIZING "VACATION"

KUALA LIPIS Malaysia The first thing Benedict Pothier did when he arrived here was to open his little black bag and perform an appendectomy

It was the first day of a month's vacation away from his surgeon's practice in Dalhousie N B but before that day was out Dr Pothier had managed three more operations His clinic was a hut with a thatched roof His patients were aborigines who came out of the jungle in the classic manner to seek healing by the good white doctor

Throughout the month that followed Pothier, a sallow-faced man in his late forties, performed a hundred operations and countless other examinations and treatments. By day the temperature ranged in the nineties, but Pothier seldom stepped out of his crude little clinic except to down a bowl of rice By night, he flung himself exhausted onto a string bed, where neither the sticky night air the hum of mosquitoes nor the shrill cry of the Malay iguana could keep him awake

It was Pothier's second working

After seeing conditions in the Orient, Benedict Pothier went back he says to ease his conscience

visit to the Far East and it was a costly vacation. His out-of-pocket expenses amounted to $3,200 and he dropped ten pounds in weight. But he left behind him a considerable number of Indian rubber - tappers, Malay fishermen, Chinese and pygmies who otherwise would have continued to suffer from diseased organs and damaged limbs. He treated several kinds of bone disease, amputated several limbs, removed gall bladders and diagnosed cancers. He said he never wanted to spend another vacation any other way.

Dr Pothier was sent here by CARE-MEDICO, an organization that tries to continue the work started by the young U. S. doctor Tom Dooley in Laos.

"Dooley died," says Pothier, "and I was reading a book of his first year when I thought 'Why not me?'" He volunteered and was quickly accepted as one of many specialists who spend their vacations at field hospitals staffed by young Western doctors working on two-year stints. At the Saigon hospital Pothier found overcrowding so bad that patients sat on the floors all night waiting to have major operations.

"That was over a year ago. "I never got over it. I'd never been out of North America before. There in Saigon I saw the wounded peasants streaming in from the paddies and I saw our own diplomats and businessmen living in luxury. I began to wonder if we had any right to interfere in Asia at all. I guess I came to Malaysia this year to ease my own conscience."

Most big-city hospitals in Asia are well equipped. But in regions like this one throughout Asia and Africa there is a desperate need for what Pothier calls "homespun doctoring" and holiday doctors, he thinks, fill that need better even than permanent volunteers would.

"I don't think it's possible any more to have dedicated men like Albert Schweitzer and Seagrave (who had just died in Burma) — the hero doctors. The days are gone when a doctor buried himself in the jungle and could go on practising a form of medicine that died fifty years ago.

"That kind of doctoring — well, there was an essential selfishness involved. You became a little white god and soon you didn't want to live in your own civilization where your fellow men might contradict you.

"Even myself here a few weeks — they call me 'the white doctor' and some aborigines trekked in from goodness knows how far away."

Pothier realizes critics of the holiday doctors suspect them of motives other than pure altruism.

"Sure it provides an escape for some. Or a pleasant sense of adventure without any real commitment. I can't say if I do it for selfish reasons myself, except it isn't altogether easy to leave a young family." (He has a wife and three children, the eldest nineteen.)

"But I close my eyes some nights back in Canada and see those Vietnamese: an old man with his eyes gouged out, led by a crying child. A mother with both hands burned black. A small girl sitting patiently on a ward floor, waiting to go into the operating theatre to have her arm amputated.

"It's not a comfortable thing to live with, but it's an education a whole lot of us need." WILLIAM STEVENSON

THE SECRET OF SIZING UP A ROOMMATE

These two enterprising people know how: they just ask 140 foolproof questions

TWO PSYCHIATRISTS meet by chance in a corridor.

"Good morning," says the first psychiatrist.

"Good morning," says the second.

Then each goes his own way, muttering to himself, "I wonder what he *really* meant."

That gag may sound like a pretty far-fetched notion of the way a head-shrinker thinks, but the fact is that two non-psychiatrists in Toronto have built a surprisingly successful business by asking themselves that same question.

The pair are Shirley Federico and Derek Chater, a couple of canny, hard-working private entrepreneurs who run a business called Shared Accommodation Service. For a fee (ten dollars now, ten more when you're looked after) SAS undertakes to find roommates for single people. It's a service people could perform for themselves. But on their own a lot of people muff the job. Either they can't find a roommate at all or they make an unhappy choice. SAS, on the other hand, claims a success rate of 99.5 percent — or only fifteen failures among the three thousand clients they've had since starting the business three years ago.

Their success depends largely on a 140-question form they've evolved to get beneath superficial answers and find out what applicants *really* mean when they describe their personal habits and tastes. Often additional oral questioning is necessary. One applicant, for instance, said she didn't want to share an apartment with any girl who was German. But closer questioning revealed that the girl wasn't really anti-German—she simply didn't like German food, which she supposed she might have to eat if she and her new roommate took turns cooking. SAS got her a German roommate who *also* hated German cooking.

The two partners hadn't learned to make such distinctions when they first hung out their shingle. In an early version of their questionnaire they used to ask clients what kind of music they liked, and almost everybody said "almost every kind." That turned out to be a sure-fire way of mismatching a classical music buff with a rock-and-roll fan. Now they ask clients what kind of music they *don't* like. To that, the answers are usually clear and emphatic.

The early version of a question on morals turned out to be even more naive. It asked applicants to rate themselves as prudish, average or broadminded. Several hundred applications were in before the partners noticed that everybody had replied "broadminded" — including the women who considered it improper to entertain a man in the apartment after 10.30 p.m. Now clients are asked to define broadmindedness more specifically in terms of drinking, smoking and sex. Applicants who disapprove most strongly of sex for the single girl are mostly women over thirty, and they're getting harder and harder to match with compatible roommates, Miss Federico says.

Chater has a similar problem with the men — only more so. So few men flinch at the idea of roommates inviting a girl friend to stay overnight that "I've almost come to the point where I won't register them if they *do* mind, because if it's on religious grounds they're hard to match up, and if it isn't for religious reasons they are usually inclined to homosexuality."

SAS won't knowingly register a homosexual and Chater makes a point of saying so to every man who inquires. It's better than hedging, he explains: heterosexuals stop worrying about being matched with homosexuals, and homosexuals often thank him for not wasting their time taking applications from them.

Chater, who interviews all the men, tries at the outset to rate them according to income level, education and occupation.

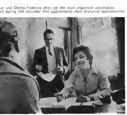
"What we really do," he explains, "is match class. Appearance and manners give you clues, but one of my key questions is on professional sport. If that's a man's main interest he usually falls into a particular category. If it's not, the degree of his interest can still tell you a lot about him."

Men generally, Chater says, are far less finicky than women. A man's requirements can almost be summed up: "Don't steal my booze, pay your rent and get out of the way when I'm entertaining." On the other hand, Miss Federico has known a female client to turn down an otherwise acceptable roommate for having black roots showing in her blonde hair.

Girls get more emotionally involved with their roommates, she says. "To a woman it's important to find someone with the same interests and pastimes and with the same inclinations about entertaining. On the other hand, a roommate's income level is a matter of indifference to most women."

What incompatibility most often breaks up a pair of roommates? Untidiness, the SAS partners say. And that's something else they've learned to gauge carefully. Their present questionnaire contains a whole block of questions asking how often the applicant would housecIean thoroughly, how often he (or she) would straighten things up, and so on. Otherwise, they've found, "tidiness" would get the same lip service as "broadmindedness" and "music." "They're things that everybody, but *everybody*, is in favor of." BARBARA BECKETT

Derek Chater and Shirley Federico often get the most important information from a client during the interview that supplements their elaborate questionnaire



NEXT FAD: LAKE-HIKING

PEDESTRIANS who feel a little land-locked by rivers and lakes are about to be liberated by a West German inventor named Rudiger Volger. His inspiration: water shoes. They're nylon and plastic pontoons you inflate with a bicycle pump and slip on over your shoes. Separated compartments provide protection against punctures and keel-like runners prevent tipping.

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HOW TO KEEP DROPOUTS IN SCHOOL

Here are three unusual schemes to keep youngsters in the classroom

WHILE PARENTS and teachers continue to wring their hands over students who drop out of high school, authorities in some regions are doing something about it.

● IN WINNIPEG, the new slogan is "Get 'em earlier — and start 'em right." To implement it experimentally Winnipeg educators this fall will open a nursery school for four-year-olds from low-income families.

"Our first aim," explains A. D. Thompson, assistant superintendent of schools, "is to reduce the high percentage of failures in grade one."

Studies, he says, show that failure in grade one is often the beginning of a poor scholastic performance that ends in dropout from high school. Children from low-income families are the most vulnerable because most of them get little or no intellectual stimulation at home before starting school. The test group of thirty-five youngsters next fall will get a year's nursery - school training to supplement the customary year of kindergarten. Past records show that kindergarten alone hasn't prepared some children sufficiently for grade one.

If the scheme works out it will become city-wide.

● IN NEW BRUNSWICK, authorities from the provincial department of youth and welfare are getting rewarding results from an anti-dropout scheme they believe is the only program of its kind in Canada. Whenever a student announces he is dropping out of school, his principal passes his name to his district youth services' representative in either Bathurst, Saint John, Fredericton, Grand Falls or Moncton. This representative invites the student in for an interview (there's no compulsion) and builds a case file, often adding to the student's information by seeing the parents, teacher and others. Then a guidance counselor takes over. He conducts aptitude tests and reports the results to the student and his parents. Faced with a clearer idea of his potential than probably ever before, many a student will chart a new course of study for himself, instead of joining the ranks of unskilled labor. The case of one sixteen-year-old boy was typical — except that he had been expelled. His whole attitude toward school was poor, and he had managed to reach only grade seven. Interviews and tests showed he had a learning ability he wasn't using. Personality problems (including past failures and the fact that he was big for his age) had given him a mental block about school. Now, with counseling and encouragement from several sources — including the principal who expelled him — the boy is returning to school to take a more suitable course. Another boy dropped out because he felt the teachers were looking down on him for being in a vocational course instead of an academic one. Now, after counseling, he's studying diesel mechanics by correspondence from Montreal and plans to move there later for practical training.

"Many dropouts don't know where to get necessary information for courses," says John T. Murrant, the department's director of youth. "We supply this, and more often than not they apply at the proper places, are accepted and go on to successful careers."

Murrant knows they do because his service representatives and counselors keep track of every case, record the dropout's later status and offer more counseling if it seems to be needed.

Like Winnipeg authorities, the New Brunswickers are aware of the need for preventive measures in lower grades. "By the time we see a dropout," says Allison E. Troy, guidance counselor in Fredericton, "he has had his problem for a long time."

● IN NEWARK, New Jersey, seven large companies have teamed up with the local board of education to run a system for rescuing dropouts. The seven firms have provided fifty jobs which are manned by one hundred high-school dropouts. The board of education has set up a special "dropout high" in a downtown church hall. The system handles one hundred students at a time and they alternate on a weekly basis between school and job. In any given week fifty young people are attending the school while the other fifty are working at the jobs in plants and offices. The next week, they switch places.

The school - and - job arrangement runs throughout the calendar year. As each student earns a high-school diploma another dropout will be accepted to keep the enrollment full. To some students, the money they earn on their jobs is vital; without it they couldn't continue in school. But authorities have also found the jobs give the youngsters a sense of responsibility they never had before.

"In some cases," says Henry Bondman, director of community relations for a Western Electric plant where sixteen of the students have jobs, "these kids are doing better jobs than our regular employees. They think if they goof things up, they'll be spoiling it for others who are coming in behind them."

Director Irving Goldberg says: "There are one hundred students here and there are one hundred reasons why they dropped out of high school — broken families, alcoholic fathers, financial difficulties and many, many more. But here they are a close-knit group and they seem to be responding well to what we're trying to do for them."

FREE CAR WASH SERVICE—WITH YOUR TAXES

It's part of Harry Hays' solution to Newfoundland's Great Potato Wart Crisis

IT WON'T BE LONG now before Harry Hays Jiffy Car Wash opens its aluminum doors to provide all comers at Port-aux-Basques, Nfld., with a free car wash.

Liberal social welfarism? No. Potato warts and golden nematodes.

Both infections are commonly found in the small, blue-skinned potatoes which are grown only in Newfoundland and relished by Newfoundlanders. The wart is a fungus disease and the nematode a potato worm. They don't make potatoes dangerous or even inedible but they discolor them unattractively and reduce the crop yield considerably.

Newfoundland is the only place in Canada that has them, and the problem is to prevent them from spreading. If such infections got loose in the potato fields of Prince Edward Island federal authorities would have to slap an embargo on all shipments of PEI potatoes. This would ruin the province's main industry.

After inspecting Newfoundland's potato fields, plant pathologists from the federal department of agriculture decided that the spores and cysts would reach the rest of Canada only if people carried them there. The likeliest carrier was the mud adhering to cars and trucks crossing on the ferry between Port-aux-Basques and Sydney, N.S. So the scientists suggested Ottawa install equipment at Port-aux-Basques to wash every car and truck leaving the island. The service would be free — but compulsory. Installation cost: five hundred thousand dollars.

"Damned nonsense!" snorted Agriculture Minister Harry Hays when he first heard the idea. "It'd be cheaper to pay the farmers in Newfoundland not to grow potatoes!"

Later, however, Hays realized he'd have to do *both*. The car wash is going in. But Hays sees it as an emergency measure until the wart and nematode can be eradicated from Newfoundland's 2,200 acres in potatoes.

To achieve this, Hays' department has to draw up a detailed plan of chemical attack, get the willing cooperation of the Newfoundland government and (and here's the touchiest part) get Newfoundland farmers to agree not to grow any potatoes until the infections are gone. (Hays plans to offer a subsidy.)

Importing potatoes wouldn't be any novelty for Newfoundlanders — they already eat far more than they grow. (Imports last year were 43,000 tons, compared to local production of only 16,500 tons.) But it's quite another thing to ask a Newfoundlander to pass up all chances of eating his favorite type of potato.

"It would just raise hell," Newfoundland's minister of mines, agriculture and resources, W. J. Keough, insists.

But Hays sees no other solution. Otherwise the government would have to go on providing free car washes until the end of time. GERALD WARING

At first Hays considered the car wash idea "damned nonsense." Now he's all for it

NEW PAYOFF FOR UNION CHECKOFFS

Universities that put the bite on organized labor never had it so good

SUDDENLY Canadian universities have discovered they have generous friends in an unexpected place: the labor unions.

● In the Niagara region of southern Ontario forty-five thousand industrial workers were recently asked to donate one million dollars to St Catharines' new Brock University, which will serve their area. They have already pledged almost a million and a *half*.

● In Peterborough, Ont., Trent University asked local workers for $330,000. They gave $700,000.

● In a $3,500,000 fund-raising drive completed last year at the University of Windsor, the objective for wage earners living in the community was $430,000. But their pledge totaled more than a million dollars.

Now fund-raisers are hoping for similar results in the current $29 million drive they're conducting jointly for three B.C. universities — UBC, Victoria and the new Simon Fraser.

Such encouraging new flows of money are something the fifteen-year old fund-raising firm G A Brakeley & Co has induced by applying an old technique the payroll checkoff where it has never been applied before (i e to university fund-raising)

The idea says Brakeley's Ontario vice-president Daniel Sunday works well only if trade unions in the area are willing to co-operate But university authorities have been astonished to discover what a source of good will — as well as money — the labor unions and their members can be One senior member of the fund raising team at Brock University is John Ideson president of the St Catharines and District Labor Council At Windsor Ed Mooney a graduate of the university and a member of the United Auto Workers got a leave of absence from Ford's office to work full time at fund raising Now even though the campaign is over he has stayed on as development officer — the man who checks up on lapsed pledges and issues individual appeals to newcomers

Active support from the unionists gives the fund-raisers a special advantage their appeal tends to get a more sympathetic hearing from the unions rank-and-file members than it would if it came only from management people (In a typical instance three out of four wage earners at McKinnon Industries, a General Motors subsidiary in St Catharines, gave pledges averaging $84 27 to Brock University via checkoffs over five years)

But labor's motive isn't pure altruism Rather it's a classic example of enlightened self interest. The unions have found they gain stature by getting behind worthwhile charities. In many cases they've also used the connection as a foot in the door for placing a representative on a university's board of regents This gives labor a voice in running the university

Besides many labor unionists have personal reasons for lending support "Most of our fellows have boys and girls who will be going to university," says Frank Drea assistant public relations director for the Steelworkers "It's a lot easier and cheaper to send the kids to the local university than to Toronto" JOHN SCHREINER

FORECASTS

Crusade for slow learners, New use for "the pill", Breakthrough in pipelines

IF YOU AREN'T already aware of the problem of the perceptually handicapped child you can expect to be— soon It's an ailment in which the communication system between a child's sensory organs and his brain are scrambled (sometimes because of brain injury sometimes for more mysterious reasons) And it's far commoner than most people suppose partly because its symptoms (restlessness short attention span poor motor responses among others) are easily confused with signs of retardation or in milder instances with plain ornery disobedience

For years, Montreal Learning Centre has been Canada's only treatment centre for perceptually handicapped children (*Bouncing On A Trampoline Can Teach A Child To Read Maclean's* March 25 1961) But now some Ontario parents, organized as the Ontario Association for Children with Learning Disabilities are determined to see other centres for diagnoses and treatment set up

The association's president, Robert Shannon a Toronto business executive whose own daughter was afflicted, says only a tiny fraction of cases are being correctly diagnosed let alone treated He estimates Ontario alone has between sixty thousand and a hundred thousand perceptually handicapped children of school age Projected for the whole nation this figure indicates perhaps a quarter million such children in all Canada

The association's immediate aim raising $35 000 which members will use to learn more about work being done on the problem elsewhere and eventually build an Ontario treatment centre

● WHATEVER SOME CHURCHES may think of "the pill" as a means of birth control for human beings the U S Fish and Wildlife Service thinks it's great — for coyotes. Still a nuisance in Idaho and New Mexico when they get too numerous coyotes were gaining fast until last year despite trapping shooting poison and running with dogs Then authorities dosed meat with a synthetic female hormone called stilbestrol and left it near coyote dens Catches of live coyotes later showed that in a given area at least half the females — and in some cases up to eighty percent — had failed to produce litters Next creatures to need "the pill" gophers and rats, which have begun population explosions of their own since their old enemy, the coyote, has grown scarce

● OIL MEN have always had one basic advantage over mining companies what they produced could be pumped to market through pipelines But now after five years of study and research, scientists and engineers at the Alberta Research Council in Edmonton have found ways to move solid capsules the size of cannon balls, through existing pipelines using water or oil as a fluid carrier In a recent test run, they pumped a 514 pound steel capsule through the 20-inch pipe that forms one 109-mile leg of the Interprovincial Pipe Line Using radioactive tracers, the researchers have found that under the right conditions the solids actually move *faster* than the average speed of the fluid carrier Among their next steps adapting the idea to conditions in the far north where a lack of rail transportation has long hampered some mineral developments

EDITORIAL

An election now would be an exercise in futility

ONE THING this country does *not* need is a 1965 election But as Blair Fraser reports in these pages the political signs point to the real possibility of a vote this year mainly because we have a minority government and a divided opposition

The major argument against an early election lies in the earnest hope that a delay now may eventually give us, after the next vote, a more stable government and a better opposition Responsible government requires two things that the party in power have a majority in the House of Commons and that the opposition be made responsible by the knowledge that it may have to form the next government

Our present problems in Ottawa are aggravated by the fact that only two of the five political parties in the Commons are truly national (and even they don't enjoy national representation at the present time) Social Credit and its splinter have no appeal in seven provinces The NDP, which has consistently given us able parliamentarians and articulate opposition has not yet emerged as a national party It still remains as a prompter in the wings, unrestrained by the hope — or fear — that some day it may be called upon to perform

Canada has been spared the excesses of multi-party government that frustrate democracy in France and Italy But five parties could afflict us with the same disease, and an election now could hasten the process.

It would be much safer to endure our present set-up for a while longer, in the hope that the major parties will pull themselves together

Good will alone won't help the underprivileged

NOT FOR MANY YEARS according to officials in the prime minister's office has anything prompted such a flood of approving mail as the Company of Young Canadians who are volunteering for service at home and abroad in peaceful missions of welfare and good will As a measure of the idealism of young Canadians this is welcome news But it seems to us significant that the flow of mail comes mainly from young people volunteering to serve or from their elders applauding this impulse We are not aware of any great flood of applications for the services of these youthful missionaries

What is it, exactly, that they are going to teach? What special knowledge, what expertise in the ways of the twentieth century are they competent to impart to those laggard communities which will be chosen to benefit from their well-meaning efforts? Who will choose the communities, and on what basis?

These questions are not frivolous, and they should not be brushed off (as they have been up to now) with answers like "We haven't yet thought through all the details of the scheme" This is no detail. This is the heart of the matter

Some advocates of the plan evade the question by saying "They're not going out only to teach, they're also going to learn" This is not good enough, either Learn what? Why?

Nobody doubts the gravity of the problem these young people are being asked to help solve Whole regions at home, whole countries and even continents abroad are being left farther and farther behind by technological progress No task in the world is more urgent than to close the widening gap between the privileged and the underprivileged. The trouble is that nobody, anywhere, knows how to do it

This is not an argument against enlisting the vigor and enthusiasm of youth, nor against making a start on the tasks nearest to hand It is merely a caution against an emotional gale of undirected zeal The Company of Young Canadians could and perhaps will do an immense amount of good But the problem of how aid can best be given is one they will only complicate if they assume that it has been solved, and that the millions now excluded from the affluent society can be brought into it by a mere radiation of good will.

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CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC

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MAILBAG

Those crape-hangers / Need mirrors in the pews / Hush, hush, sweet Wendy / Look inward, Quebec

I am afraid that your editorial *Gee, Those Crape-Hangers: A Habit* in which you say "We are getting tired of Canadians who are getting tired of their country" is a belated attempt to mend your past flirtations conduct — shall we join the States? can we exist as a nation? — maintain stimulating Quebec separatist sentiments. There was no fairness in your presentation of the parliamentary opposition. You were entirely biased toward Liberals and conspicuously misrepresented the Conservatives. So this editorial really will not do.
MRS MARIE T. MARESCAUX, TORONTO

* My heartiest congratulations on such a timely editorial. I hope it will be read, quoted and heeded. About time someone spoke out loud and clear in such a vein.
R. JAMES HENDERSON, MD, TORONTO

* Wonderful! Let's have more of the same — RUTH A. ABBOTT, VICTORIA

* A tip of my hat to you. This should be reprinted in every newspaper in the country —G. J. BOWEN, FORT GARRY, MAN

Too chummy?

Your picture of the prime minister of Canada and the president of the United States rubbing cheeks together is disgusting (*Year 1 Of The Johnson Era*). That great Canadian Sir Wilfrid Laurier once said that never again would Canada go to the United States seeking favors. In these days hardly a week passes without our prime minister or one of his cabinet rushing off to Washington to get his orders. We are indeed fortunate that Pearson did not try to force the stars and stripes or the Texas flag on Canada.
L. F. GRANT, KINGSTON, ONT

Blame the congregation

I commend Roy Kennedy on his Argument comments (*Don't Blame The Minister For The Comfortable Pew — Blame The Congregation*). In my opinion for quite some time the congregation has been more to blame for the state of the church than the minister, who should unfailingly be devoted to his vows and have complete authority in the church, governed only by the teachings of the Holy Bible.
I. A. CAMPER, LETHBRIDGE, ALTA

* In Flin Flon the three United Churches last year lost three ministers, two to the teaching profession, one to welfare work. Congregations must soon take a good long look at themselves instead of trying to make puppets of their ministers — MRS CLYDE KITTERINGHAM, CREIGHTON, SASK

* I am amazed how a person like Roy Kennedy can profess a call to the ministry, accept six or seven years of training at the church's expense and then quit because the going gets tough. Did anyone ever find it a bed of roses? Sure our people will break our hearts, but they will give us a wealth of love and loyalty far beyond our deserving. Mr Kennedy complains of salaries. In 1965 a United Church minister will receive a minimum salary of $4,250 plus a free house worth $1,200 to $1,800 in an urban area (a lot more if free includes heat and light) plus a car allowance of from $700 to $1,300 depending on number of families or mileage, plus perquisites. This adds up to about $7,000 a year, which if not affluence is certainly not penury. In addition a man just out of college can get $700 toward a down payment on a car and if he repays $200 inside of two years the balance is forgiven. Mr Kennedy should have been here thirty years ago — many of us were trying to make do well into the forties on less than many ministers now get for car allowance alone — REV W. T. JENKINS, EXEC SEC, UNITED CHURCH, WINNIPEG

Just the facts, ma'am

Your movie critic Wendy Michener presents a lot of opinions of only marginal value to moviegoers. She devotes too much attention to so-called "documentaries." After seeing one I wouldn't go to another if it were free. They are junk. With about two or three hundred films of the usual kind being made each year surely Miss Michener can find other films to review. She's guilty of too much armchair psychology and absurd symbolism. All people want to know is whether a film is good or bad and what is in it.
MRS Z. ROSHDINA, VANCOUVER

Who's to blame?

Re your article on civic administration in Quebec City — *Incompetence: A Fine Art At Our City Hall* (Reports) — should we assume this disease is the fault of English or American influence in that province, or is this art part of the French culture we hear so much about these days? French culture tends to look back. Knowledgeable people of that province should start looking in.
RON CARKNER, OTTAWA

Pressure on the top

Your article about labor's efforts to organize clerical workers, *A Union In Your Office?* (Reports) is timely. It is true that "white-collar salaries have failed to keep pace with blue-collar wages," and this situation will continue so long as no pressure is brought to bear on highly paid top executives, who too often lack sympathy with underpaid staffs. A strong union could do much to improve conditions all around — JOHN W. MAGNUSON, KINGSTON, ONT

Unfair to good drivers

Current opinion seems to be on the side of the wrongdoer and against the person who attempts to lead a decent, socially conscious life. The latest affront is described in your article *The Paradox Of Your Car Insurance: Everybody Loses*. As you report, it is suggested that even the persons causing "accidents" should be compensated. This is outrageous. What we are saying to these boors, smart alecks, fools and drunks who are let loose behind the wheels of cars is, "Go ahead — drive like maniacs with no imagination or concern for the other users of the road. When you smash your cars and

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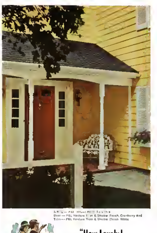

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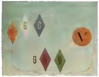


1 Martini 6 to 1—Today's preferred combination of French vermouth and Gilbey's London Dry. Start with ice. Plenty of it. The gin should smoke when you pour it in. Then add the vermouth and stir. Note: mix *quickly* before the ice melts

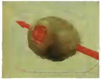
2 The Tear Drop. Serve at fashionable dinner parties before the meal. Prepare ice cold martini mixture using 1 part Cinzano French vermouth, 3 parts Gilbey's London Dry. Serve 2 ounces to each guest (in a pony or very small glass)

3 Martini on the rocks. Becoming popular as the martini becomes increasingly dry. 1 to 9 is our favoured combination of French vermouth and Gilbey's London Dry. Pour over 3 cubes of ice in a glass. Enjoy *before* its bracing chill becomes diluted

4 Martini with pearl onion (alias Gibson). The onion sits especially well at the bottom of an *extra* dry martini. Adds a trace of tartness. Try 1 part Cinzano French vermouth to 8 parts Gilbey's London Dry Gin

5 Martini, Italian style. Rarely seen but easily recognized as it uses sufficient vermouth to give your drink a yellow colour. 1 part French vermouth, 2 parts Gilbey's gin (It marries *perfectly* with the flavour of vermouth). Garnish with olive or onion

6 Martini with lemon twist. For people who look down on the olive or onion. Twist a thin slice of lemon peel *close* to the surface of your martini. The aromatic oils from the lemon skin add a fashionable flavour to the drink



7 Martini with pimento. The classic olive was the first garnish to ever grace a dry martini. (Very proper with the pit left in.) Stuffed with pimento an olive adds a noble colour to your drink

8 The Martini Special. Place 4 cubes of ice into a glass. Pour in 1 tablespoon of Cinzano French vermouth. Then drain the glass. Pour Gilbey's London Dry over the now fragrant ice. Very, very dry

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MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

FRANK BOUCHER'S CHALLENGE:

Here's how we can end the farce of sending fourth-rate teams into world hockey

Frank Boucher, one of the NHL's all-time stars and a member of the Hockey Hall of Fame, is commissioner of the Saskatchewan Junior Hockey League

CANADA'S ABJECT failure at the World Hockey Championships in Finland, where we finished fourth to Russia, Czechoslovakia and Sweden, marked the end of my personal patience with what has become known as Father David Bauer's four-year plan to restore our international hockey prestige.

In all honesty, I had not been in full accord with the plan from its inception, but I held my silence in the knowledge that *any* plan deserves a trial. But two low-water marks in that tournament convinced me that I must speak out as loudly as I am able: first, our 8-0 defeat by Czechoslovakia, proof positive that our system is wrong; second, the suggestion by Father Bauer, the man behind Canada's last two international teams, that perhaps we should withdraw from the tournament in 1966 to prepare for 1967 — ample evidence to me, that our philosophy is wrong. *It's unthinkable that Canada should need time to prepare to play her own national game.*

Like everyone else whose life is close to hockey — I spent twenty-nine years with the New York Rangers as a player, a coach and a manager, and have been commissioner of the Saskatchewan Junior Hockey League for the last six — I've been irritated by Canada's repeated failures in international competition. Because of those thirty-five years of experience, I recognize the need for patience and co-operation if we are ever to ice a truly representative team in those tournaments. So when I say that our present plan dooms us to continuing failure I say so reluctantly, after long thought — *and with the conviction that a solution is within our immediate grasp.*

I admire Father Bauer and believe he is sincere in trying to work out a system for

/ *continued on page 58*

"IT'S THE HARDEST JOB TO GO HOME FROM..."

Amid the bustling routine of a huge children's hospital, Joyce Relyea's duty is to do what other nurses must avoid. She becomes personally involved in the often heartbreaking problems of sick and lonely children in a strange world they cannot understand

BY JACK BATTEN

It would be emotional suicide, to repeat an expression I recently heard used by a nurse at the Hospital For Sick Children in Toronto, for nurses there to let themselves become too closely attached to their patients. Many of the children in the hospital are seriously ill or injured; most of them become homesick and lonely; almost all of them suffer; some of them die. For the nurses' own good, as well as the hospital's and the patients', they are taught as students the importance of separating sympathetic care from emotional involvement in the children's problems.

But one nurse at the hospital I discovered last month has different instructions. Her name is Joyce Relyea and she is *paid* to involve herself in the children's problems as deeply as the children want her to. Miss Relyea's official title at the hospital is "Church Nurse," because she is a trained Registered Nurse and because she is paid by the Anglican Church. But she does no nursing in the conventional sense and her work isn't confined to any particular religious group. She simply talks to children — whatever ward they're in, whatever their background, children who are lonely, frightened and in pain — and tries to give them something they can hang onto until they leave the hospital.

Miss Relyea has been ministering to children in this way for almost four years and one day early last month I went up to the Sick Children's Hospital to talk to her about her work, about the children's reaction to her, and, incidentally, to find out how she avoids emotional suicide. Miss Relyea is tall, brown haired and at twenty-eight she has the fresh good looks of a younger Teresa Wright. She said she grew up in Waterloo, Ont., and lived there until she moved to Toronto ten years ago to study nursing at the university. A couple of years after she graduated she answered an ad in the Anglican Church's newspaper for the job at the Sick Children's Hospital, replacing Mrs. Marilyn Thompson, who had conceived of and first held the Church Nurse position. She took the job, she said, because she had always wanted to be able to help her patients with the spiritual as well as the physical problems that come with a stay in hospital.

To give me an idea of how she carries out her duties, she invited me to tour the hospital's wards with her and to meet some of her children. Following her usual procedure, she had already made a list on a small white card of the children who might want to talk to her that day. Doctors and nurses in the hospital, she told me, regularly supply her with names of children who are lonely or upset; occasionally she hears of them from parish ministers and priests; the rest she picks out from hospital admission cards. And for every child on her list she encounters in the wards a dozen other children who call out to her or whom she notices to be in some kind of emotional trouble.

The first room she took me to was shared by a bright young girl with brown hair and a quick voice whose name was Allison and a tow-headed blond boy named Chris, who wore a glum expression. Al-

continued overleaf

Church Nurse Joyce Relyea comforts a child as she makes her [illegible] of the Hospital for Sick Children

Nurse Relyea conducts Sunday school. University students help her cope with the 125 children in the classes

continued

lison, according to the card attached to the end of her bed, was nine; she looked much younger than her age and her arms were very thin, but her face was soft and pretty and she had a witty, restless mind. She said at one point during the half hour or so we were in the room that she liked baseball, animals and climbing trees, and that she couldn't stand dull people. Chris, who was six, was much quieter, never smiled and rarely lifted his head from the toy car he was playing with on his bed. Miss Relyea had told me earlier that both children were in the hospital because they have leukemia, though neither of them knows it, and that, failing the immediate discovery somewhere in the world of a new cure for the disease, they would probably soon be dead.

Chris told Miss Relyea that he hadn't been able to get a new toy that day because the playroom lady was away. Miss Relyea helped him into a wheelchair and wheeled him down the corridor to the playroom. Chris began to talk in a low sad voice about his two younger brothers at home; he thought they were probably breaking the toys he'd left behind, and the thought obviously troubled him. In the playroom, after five minutes of debate, he selected an Etch-a-sketch to take back to his room. He told Miss Relyea that he'd had a dream about some monsters who had locked him in a cage and wouldn't let him out. Miss Relyea said that the crib he slept in the last time he was in the hospital a few months earlier had looked like a cage, but that all the doctors and nurses had helped him to get out of that cage. Chris agreed and turned his attention back to the patterns he was tracing on his Etch-a-sketch.

Unlike Chris, Allison was in the hospital for the first time and she was struggling to show her natural exuberance through the nervousness she felt. She had been fed intravenously during the previous few days while her doctors put her through a series of tests, and she told Miss Relyea that her stomach felt as if it were full of bubbles all the time. Miss Relyea asked her about a ragged little stuffed bear she was holding, and that question started Allison on a long funny story about an operation her doctor had performed the night before to fix the bear's arm, which had been torn off and sewn on back to front. The story was part truth, part invention, but the invention took over almost entirely when Allison realized that Miss Relyea made one of the best audiences she'd ever had.

For the next couple of hours Miss Relyea visited eight or ten more children. She talked to a noisy, demanding girl who looked hard to like and who was a paraplegic; to a boy with a puzzled expression on his face and a body swollen into ugly shapes by marble bone disease; to a solemn, withdrawn little boy who had been hit by a car and was unmarked on his body but injured in some secret place inside. Miss Relyea had time for everyone. She made jokes and laughed at the children's stories. She opened mail for a preschool boy and read it to him. She hugged and played with a girl from an Indian reservation in northern Ontario who hadn't had a visitor since Christmas. She arranged for a teenage girl who had broken her leg skiing to have Communion in her room next morning. She was always patient and never condescending. Every visit was important to her, and it seemed to me each child felt important to have her there.

"It's a terrible, rotten experience for children to be in a hospital, even one as good as this one," Miss Relyea said later, when we were back in her tiny office on the fourth floor of the hospital. "Little children especially can't comprehend the place. You see them looking around and wondering, 'Who knows me in here anyway?' A few days ago I talked to a little boy who was crying. He'd just been moved, and he asked me, 'How can my daddy find me now?'

"For most of them it's the first time they've seen children who are very sick, children their own age, and they begin to worry about what's going to happen to them, even if they're here for something minor. They aren't sure who they can trust, either. The nurse tells them the needle won't hurt, but it does. The doctor says they may be able to go home next week, but they don't. Their parents miss a visit and the children are left completely baffled.

"They have so many different people to relate to here — interns, nurses, different doctors, people who come and always go away — and eventually the children become *afraid* to relate to anyone except superficially. That's why my relationship has to be more than casual. I have to sit down and talk and become someone permanent to the kids, someone they can ramble on to for as long as they like, and maybe afterward not feel as frightened. And I try to show them that the hospital is a helping place, not just a lot of needles and people being mean.

"There isn't an awful lot of content in what I say to the children. We talk about what *they* are interested in hearing, and I try to answer the questions that the regular ward nurses can't handle, about prayers and God and death. I suppose it's surprising how much little children want to hear about God and how much better they

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Sometimes I feel completely drained," says Joyce Relyea. "But with all the depressing things happening here, I suppose I'm doing the job the other nurses would like to do if they could.

The good town that's fighting a bad name

Once Canadian City of the Year, the solid old community of Chatham, Ontario, has become a casebook of civic ills. Politicians live in fear of nameless terrorists; Ottawa lists it as a "depressed area;" the morals of its children have been thrown into serious question. It's a "nice" town still, but it's in trouble. Here's why

BY IAN SCLANDERS

CHATHAM SNUGGLES against the banks of the Thames River in southwestern Ontario in the heart of Canada's richest agricultural region, where farms worth one hundred thousand dollars are common and farms worth five hundred thousand dollars are not unknown. It is a solid old community which in 1947 claimed that industrial and other achievements made it this country's "City of the Year" — a boast a *Financial Post* writer said was unlikely to be seriously challenged. Lately, though, its fortunes have taken a strange turn, and it has reluctantly attained not nationwide admiration but nationwide notoriety.

Seldom has such a citadel of respectability and municipal pride been so suddenly and deeply immersed in the kind of publicity that suggests that its children are corrupt, that its politicians live in fear of nameless terrorists, that its economy is in trouble, and that it is, in a word, sick.

One of its former aldermen, A. R. Sanderson, asserted not long ago that "something stinks in Chatham." A former mayor, Ralph Steele, added that Chatham's image has sunk from "pretty high to very low." A woman interviewed on *This Hour Has Seven Days*, the CBC television program, spoke of Chatham in the same breath as *Peyton Place*, the novel by Grace Metalious about sleazy immorality in New England.

A Torontonian who had been in Chatham told me: "You can feel the tension there. It's like the tension a director tries to create in a western movie before the sheriff shoots it out with the gunslinger." That's the atmosphere I expected to find.

But the grandfatherly taxi driver who took me from the station to the William Pitt Hotel was chatty and courteous, not sinister — the first driver in years to climb out of his hack and hurry around to hold the door open for me.

The hotel, I discovered, was in the midst of an emergency. In its cellar, men with sump pumps were battling to control an inflow of water from the nearby Thames, which was swollen by a flood. But in the lobby there was no sign of excitement. The desk clerk, the bell captain and the girl at the newsstand were unruffled and pleasant. In the hotel coffee shop, the waitresses smiled as though they were genuinely glad to see me.

Later, when I walked to the river, at least half of Chatham's population of close to thirty-one thousand seemed to be there watching the swirling surface. "Gone up five inches since noon," a middle-aged man said to me. "It's uprooted a tree over there. Still, it's not so bad." He launched into a description of worse floods that he could remember. Although I was a stranger, or perhaps because I was a stranger, several other people spoke to me.

In Chatham the lack of an introduction is no bar to conversation, for as a center where farmers do their buying and selling it has a rustic friendliness and informality. Typically, it abbreviates first names: William to Bill, Joseph to Joe, Cyril to Cy, Cecil to Cec.

It is, in this sense, anachronistic. A generation ago Canada had a lot of smaller cities that thrived on the trade they did with surrounding farmers. Then paved roads started whisking the farmers by them at fifty or sixty miles an hour to bigger cities. Now all but a few, if not slowly dying, have changed drastically and depend more on manufacturing than on trading. Chatham, much more than most, has retained a predominantly mercantile and agricultural character. Geography has helped it in this, for Chatham's on a peninsula, more or less off by itself, squeezed between Lake St. Clair and Lake Erie.

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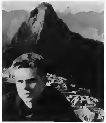
My global quest for the PLEASURE OF RUINS



ROLOFF BENY is an artist and photographer from Medicine Hat, Alberta, who is better known in the *salons* of Montreal, New York, London, Paris and Rome than in his own home town. For years one of his enthusiasms — amounting almost to an obsession — has been Rose Macaulay's masterpiece of travel literature, *Pleasure of Ruins*. (Two copies have worn to shreds in his luggage on his travels with the international set.)

The idea gradually dawned on Beny that in spite of (or perhaps because of) the fact that Rose Macaulay's book was able to conjure up for readers the wonders of the world's lost or abandoned masterpieces of architecture and sculpture, using words alone, *Pleasure of Ruins* cried out for illustration. For nearly a year he traveled around the world, lovingly photographing the places in the book. The result is a large handsome new edition of the classic, soon to be published in England by Thames and Hudson and in North America by Time-Life International Book Society.

In his journey, Beny made the somewhat logical discovery that the relics of abandoned civilizations tend to be located in remote and often inhospitable places — as indicated by the following notes from his own journal.

I STARTED IN HAITI, where my quest was Sans Souci, the French Renaissance dream palace black Emperor Christophe built in 1812 and which is now accessible only on horseback. Here I was initiated into being alone in foreign surroundings, which was to be my situation for much of the next ten months. For three days I was the only white man among these graceful French-speaking ebony people whose country shortly after was devastated by hurricane and civil strife.

Peru came next, with an almost vertical flight up the lofty plateaus to the high alp where perches that jewel of Inca architecture, the royal city of Vilcapampa, now known as Machu Picchu. Returning north to photograph Copan, I realized for the first time how expensive this trip was going to be. There was no alternative but to rent a Piper Cub. The plane dropped into a clearing in British Honduras and it was certainly worth the $175, for there still lay the richly carved steles and idols, pyramids barely visible in the dense jungle, solid walls embroidered with vines, altars, shrines, terraces and regal flights of stairs now shattered by the invading forest.

Next came the cruel ceremonial Mayan cities of Yucatan, then north over the American continent, across the familiar snow-capped Rockies to Vancouver, where a Japanese hostess, Shirley Joe, welcomed me aboard a CPA transPacific flight. In Hong Kong my negotiations with Red China representatives for permission to enter their country proved fruitless, so Air France took me to Pnom Penh, the capital of Cambodia. I had to agree with Rose Macaulay when she wrote: "None of the jungle temples of cities of Central America is as splendid as Angkor Vat and Angkor Thom, no piece of country more set with hidden beauties in the great green sea of forest that rolls over Cambodia and about the great river of Mekong."

Now I was in full stride and my next goal was Burma. There were surprises and unexpected encounters not connected with ruined temples in jungles and mud palaces in the desert. One was in Rangoon. Arriving via Cathay Pacific Airways, over the tattered tapestry of the sprawling city on the Bay of Bengal, we circled the fabled Shwe Dagon pagoda which thrusts into the air like a three-hundred-foot golden sword.

The Strand Hotel was an oasis of comfort and there was a touch of Edwardian England in the palm-decked salon where a quartet played dinner music. Across the dining room Merle Oberon and her husband Bruno Pagliai were entertaining a stunning Burmese beauty and somehow it all seemed just right that Merle should be there, since she has always suggested to me the exotic mystery of the East. She was wearing a white sari and her inevitable emeralds, and she asked me over when she recognized me. I suggested that I photograph her the next day as an antidote to my ruins. I enjoyed the sitting.

Ahead of me now lay the most uncomfortable — and most rewarding — three days of my life. On a Sunday before dawn I took off for Pagan via Royal Burmese Air Lines. Pagan has given rare and hardy Western travelers over the last six centuries their most astonishing visual experience. More than five thousand of the original thirteen thousand pagodas and monasteries are still visible on the banks of the Irrawaddy river halfway to Mandalay. Ravaged by Kublai Khan's army, Pagan lies glittering in its wrecked silence. I was the only passenger to land, since the tourists and natives were all headed for Mandalay. I hired the one Jeep that met the plane on the desolate landing strip. The plane was to return that afternoon, but the enchantment of the place made me decide to wait over until the following morning when the same aircraft promised to pick me up en route to Mandalay. All day I moved rapidly but in a trancelike state through the maze of dome

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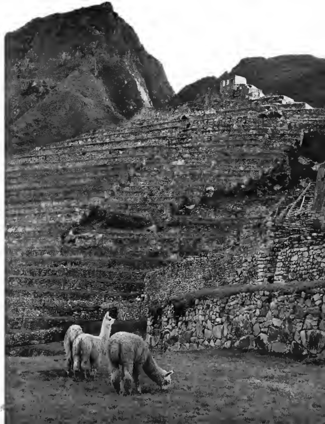
As an antidote to ruins Beny photographed actress Merle Oberon in Rangoon



Llamas graze by the Inca royal city at Vilca
among the peaks of Machu Picchu

continued

shaped bell shaped pumpkin shaped every-shaped ghosts of monasteries and shrines A few were still used the most striking being a cone-shaped pagoda, the Shwe Zigon completely encased in gold applied leaf by leaf over the centuries by the devout

That night I slept on a teakwood slab — covered by mosquito netting and vacated the day before by a royal princess from Thailand — in the only guest bungalow At dawn I again went out to photograph and to enjoy the courtesy and charm of the people An ancient Burmese monk sat mumbling in a crumbling temple the women on the threshold old and young lighted their bamboo cigars (The women smoke all the time holding up lacquered bowls to ward off the wind) I was sorry (or as it turned out I *thought* I was sorry) when the Jeep arrived to take me to the airstrip Part of me lingered with the visual beauty of the place but it was too rich a diet for lengthy contemplation by Western eyes

Yet I felt trapped when my plane landed and out came the captain to announce that he was full up and in the same breath that no plane would be coming this way for three days With that he gave me an oily smile and his aircraft disappeared into the haze above the steaming Irrawaddy

I was literally on my knees among a cluster of curiously detached Burmese children their eyes ringed with kohl and their hair elaborately coiffed like miniature pagodas I was so obviously distressed at the thought of a further three days of discomfort, heat and flies, that the Jeep driver suggested I might catch a rice boat going to Mandalay if we rushed back to town I was in luck

In Cyprus Archbishop Makarios posed for Betty with his pet gazelle

The ancient paddle steamer drab in torn filthy awnings, was illuminated by a hundred monks saffron robes They were my companions for the next two nights lying on thin bamboo mats One aloof pair unrolled exotic velveteen rugs with peacock and lion motifs and never moved for the entire voyage, the others remained swathed in their robes like orange cocoons I shared the only so-called cabin aboard with an ancient priest who continuously received the younger Buddhists in the cabin for special prayers or blessings. I installed myself surrounded by cameras and luggage on the only wooden table in the room, wrapped in a Burmese blanket purchased from a merchant on the quay My only nourishment was sticky tea made from the

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A Buddhist priest studies near a statue of Buddha in death at Polonnaruwa Ceylon

The race to create a space Superman

By Wesley Marx

Once the pipe dream of science fiction and comic strips, he's now being taken over by Space Age scientists who believe that in the near future they can produce a man who's impervious to extreme heat, cold and fatigue, has the strength of a giant, and stays young and healthy by hibernating like a bear

THE SOVIET ASTRONAUT who took a walk in space and the United States Gemini team who scored their own first by shifting orbital gears and steering their spacecraft may be among the last of the normal spacemen. By normal I mean men who, although intensively trained and conditioned for the job, possess essentially the same basic mental, physical — and metaphysical — equipment as ordinary people like you and me.

"Tomorrow the moon — and beyond," the Russians boasted after their most recent space feat. And a few days later when the U.S. launched its first two-man rocket, American space officials let it be known that they were little if any behind the Russians in their space program. Certainly one of the prerequisites of any space travel "beyond the moon" is rocket crewmen whose characteristics make them veritable space supermen (although the U.S. program engaged in creating these specialized human beings prefers the term "Optiman"). Undoubtedly the Soviets have a program of their own with a similar objective.

Oddly enough, most of the special abilities that go to make Optiman exist already in the human race. Ironically, they are found among people so unversed in science that they haven't learned how to ride bicycles yet, far less pilot outer space vehicles. For the ideal spaceman of tomorrow will possess the Peruvian Indian mountaineer's ability to work hard on little oxygen, the Tibetan uplander's ability to maintain normal skin temperature in sub-zero cold, the yogi's faculty for self-discipline (self-hypnosis might be a more accurate term) that slows bodily functions — and therefore bodily demands — to a small fraction of normal, the fakir's immunity to searing heat while fire walking, plus the sheer brute strength of a Sonny Liston in the muscles of a much smaller, slenderer man.

"We think we can develop Optiman in the near future," says Dr. Toby Freedman, who is typical of the scientists now engaged in what still sounds like unbridled science fiction. Dr. Freedman, after an apprenticeship as flight surgeon on the X-15 *Supersonic Flight* project, is now director of life sciences at North American Aviation Company, principal contractor on the Apollo man-on-the-moon project. Dr. Freedman says that Optiman procedures represent a change from the strict letter of past medical principles.

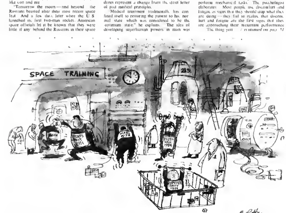
"Medical treatment traditionally has confined itself to restoring the patient to his normal state, which was considered to be the 'optimum state,'" he explains. "The idea of developing superhuman powers in man was considered to be in the realm of quacks and cultists."

But, Dr. Freedman adds, the quite natural process of evolution to meet special problems of environment has been going on all over the world — as with the Tibetans and the Peruvian Indians.

The economics and the logistics of outer space travel are encouraging scientific curiosity in such special abilities. To burden astronauts and space ships with a six-month supply of oxygen tanks becomes both expensive and cumbersome. Today aerospace researchers place electrodes on Peruvian Indians who play soccer at 14,600 feet. "Further laboratory investigation and experimentation," says Dr. Freedman, "will almost certainly lead to an understanding and control of acclimatization. Then we can go to the engineers and say, 'Throw away half those oxygen cylinders, our astronaut breathes like a Peruvian.'"

Thus liberated from the old medical tradition that normal man is man as he should be, scientists and doctors throughout the world are busily developing a measure of cure for such human "frailties" as breathing, sleeping, shivering and forgetting. From a diversity of Optiman projects, one can already discern the techniques of "human development" clinics. The department on heat resistance of a fire-walker will heed this typical complaint: human efficiency deteriorates when the temperature passes eighty-five degrees. Once the patient is hypnotized, a psychologist tells him he will enter a room where the temperature is one hundred and fifteen degrees. There he will perform mechanical tasks. The psychologist elaborates: "Most people use discomfort and fatigue as signs that they should stop what they are doing — they fail to realize that discomfort and fatigue are the first signs that they are approaching their maximum performance.

The thing you / continued on page 51



DRAWING BY B. PETTY; © 1965 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

How one Canadian family leaped the language barrier —together

The author and his children reached a decision: they'd make their Winnipeg home a little pocket of biculturalism and bilingualism – they'd all learn French. Here's how – with moments of hilarity – they did just that

By Ralph Hedlin

The Hedlins test their newly learned French by perusing a copy of Montreal's Le Devoir. From left: Catherine, Victoria, Susan, Paul and the author

IT WAS TWO YEARS AGO that I made the great decision. My son Paul was going on seventeen and to grade eleven, and Susan was a couple of years younger. Quite clearly, if we were to do our bit as good Canadian citizens, their education in bilingualism, biculturalism and French as spoken *dans l'est du Quebec* must now commence.

I raised the matter with my wife. I suggested a total family commitment to the learning of the French language. We would become a little pocket of biculturalism and bilingualism in south Fort Rouge. Her enthusiasm was restrained. "You and the children work on the French," she said. "I will do my bit by cleaning up books and magazines printed in Canada's two national languages."

This was a slightly dirty dig. We have a houseful of books and if something interests me I pull them out, look up the subject and leave the book lying open on the floor. After an intensive morning I tend to resemble an island with a sea of books breaking around it.

"Build a library of books in French," said Betty. "I'll pick up the language just reading titles to find where the books should go back in the shelves."

That was two years ago. Today we have a number of books in French around the house, we casually light the fire with old copies of *Le Devoir*, we are able to read those inserts where Hercule Poirot or other fictional characters are encouraged by authors to break into French and we can, indeed, actually speak a modest amount of the language.

But back in early 1963 we agreed that the first essential was to have an anchor man, someone had to be able to correct the rest of us, to help us with our pronunciation, to operate as the linguistic father figure. We agreed to take advice and discovered that, in bilingual and bicultural matters, there is plenty of advice to be had. Everyone in Canada knows the procedures that should be followed if you are going to master French. We agreed that if Paul would do the work, I would put up the money and, at the conclusion of his June examinations, he would travel to Quebec City and attend Laval University. At the end of six weeks he would return and teach us all. Susan, who was two grades behind Paul, would have to wait, but in the meantime she would attend a special two-week course being given at one of the Winnipeg high schools.

It was July 1963. We were launched onto the choppy bilingual seas.

The other members of the crew, who were to pick up French as a little bonus with their porridge and Pablum, were Catherine and Victoria, at that time five and three years old. And a year later, sure enough, young Vic pointed at the bread and enunciated clearly, "Pass *le pain*, Paul," and when Paul passed it we waited to see if she would say "*Merci*" or "Thank you." She might demonstrate that we'd made a compelling language breakthrough. But in impeccable English she demanded, "Where's the honey?" She hasn't broken into French since. Catherine, on the other hand, is always willing to make an effort and has picked up some words and phrases.

Paul returned from Laval. He had stayed at a boardinghouse where he talked a little French with his landlady and a lot of English with two fellow boarders from the United States. They drove up the Gaspe Peninsula one weekend and, when the course was finished, Paul spent his all treating "*une fille française, très belle, très charmante*" to a duck dinner. I did not feel that it was any of my business whether they demolished the duck in French or English or which was the post-dinner language used. Both, I reminded myself, are official languages of the country. Anyway, when Paul arrived in Winnipeg he had learned a great deal of French and he was over any self-consciousness in speaking it. And Susan's two-week course had been helpful.

A glance at the family bankbook revealed / *continued on page 43*

SOME OF MY BEST CANADIAN FRIENDS ARE BEAVERS

The Danish ambassador, dean of Ottawa's diplomatic corps, stalked the beaver with a camera in the Gatineau hills. Before leaving for another post he paid this tribute to a Canadian symbol that, surprisingly, most Canadians know little about

BY DR JOHN KNOX

WHEN I THINK BACK now after seven years in Canada, it is often difficult for me to remember when and where I actually met, for the first time, one or another of my Canadian friends.

So far as the beaver is concerned, I am not quite sure. Somewhere in a trunk left in a basement in Copenhagen I know I have a blurred and yellowing photo of an American beaver which I took during a visit to Yellowstone Park in 1933 (and which now appears in a textbook). Another American beaver I surprised in a lake in the Adirondacks in 1960.

But I know that I spent several years in Ottawa before I saw my first Canadian beaver. This is not really surprising when I think how many Canadians, born in this country, admit that they have never seen a beaver — the dam and the lodges maybe, but not the animal itself.

Trying very hard, I do think that the first time I met *Castor canadensis* Kuhl, the most authentic representative of Canada and the Canadian past, was one Saturday evening in early May. After a protracted diplomatic luncheon I drove up to the north entrance of Gatineau Park, north of Ottawa, left the car at Lac Philippe and made my weary way up to Lusk Lake under constant attack by myriads of black flies and mosquitoes.

I knew the trail from previous visits, but in a place where it runs close to Lusk Lake I was surprised to see it disappear under water, a solid dam having been built across a small stream running into the lake. Stopping to consider how this new obstacle was to be overcome, I saw bubbles coming up in a line over the surface of the stemmed up water, and out of the water slowly climbed an old and fat beaver, evidently on its way out into the lake.

While the last rays of the setting sun slowly disappeared, there I sat, following my new Canadian friend in my field glasses. This was the beginning of a friendship that I have since come to cherish and that has given me some of the most rewarding and exciting hours of my long stay in Canada.

This very first encounter with one of the oldest of Canadian inhabitants lead me to doubt the generally accepted axiom concerning the beaver — that is, that the beaver is supposed to be a shy animal. But is it? My acquaintance with the Canadian beaver stems from the parks, national and provincial, in Ontario and Quebec, and if so relatively few Canadian urbanites meet the beaver in the parks the reason is that you must be out when the beaver is out — that is, when the sun is setting and dusk is falling. Only once did I surprise a beaver in broad daylight. According to my experience, the beaver has quite a sense of curiosity. Though it is apprehensive when it sees you at first, it will invariably come back, swimming in circles in front of you and watching you all the time. Only if you make a sudden move will it give the resounding warning of the broad tail being slapped against the surface of the water, making a noise like a large stone being thrown into

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Beavers, like these photographed by author Knox, work hard at turning streams into ponds with an ingenious system of dams — but sometimes "hire" muskrats to run errands in return for housing

Robert Thomas Allen's sentimental journeys

5: GREECE

Socrates and Plato might need a map to find their old haunts among housing developments, slums and bustling traffic, but Athens, Piræus, Argos, Corinth, Delphi and the timeless countryside are still wrapped in an ancient magic, with lurking gods behind every passing cloud

GREECE AS THE aeroplane approaches it by air looks like a steel etching in an old travel book: range after range of blue-grey mountains making an endless pattern of shadow and light. The plane flies close to the mountains and from this distance they look as if they're within a geological step of being desert, much like the mountains of coastal California as they appear a few miles inland: a sandy grey color, with patches of dark green, an effect like moss on a rock. It's a dreamlike setting, and you begin to understand why the ancient people who looked out on this land of mountain and sea imagined gods and goddesses behind every cloud: amiable nymphs around every turn in the trail, witches, demons, enchantresses, North winds that got girls pregnant and Olympian gods who now and then went over the hill themselves.

The plane touches down on the island of Corfu to clear immigration, flies down the Ionian islands over Ithaca, the legendary starting place of Odysseus' wanderings, then follows the Gulf of Corinth, and it all comes to a commonplace end in a twentieth-century airport in Athens. Then you find yourself being driven through the outskirts of what might be any North American city.

The first books I saw in the land of Plato's *Symposium* and the *Oresteia* trilogy were *Fanny Hill* and *Reader's Digest*, festooned around a newsstand so that I could hardly see the news vendor inside. Yet the city has a faintly Oriental feeling that reminds you that it's just a jump from the Near East. I saw a type of beggar I'd never seen in my life. One little woman wrapped in a dun-colored robe and shawl looked as if she'd been rolled in dry mud. She sat on the ground in a dark doorway downtown, holding a baby, rocking and moaning with her hand out. Another was a little girl who, at sight of my wife and me, lay prone on a crowded sidewalk giving such a bad imitation of heartbreaking sobbing that a man waiting for a bus came over and, with what I felt was fierce patriotic indignation, told her to get up.

You get the feeling that everybody in Athens is trying to sell you something — photographs, lottery tickets, stoles, pretzels. Newsboys walk backward, holding the paper in front of your face, trying to sell it like an encyclopaedia. One store clerk nearly startled my wife off the sidewalk by leaping out a doorway in front of her and trying to sell her some shoes. When my wife is startled out of looking at exotic shoes, she's really startled. There's a certain touching innocence about all this. One little man came out of a building called Toronto Furs (furs in Athens are always related to Canada, just as we speak of English tile or Swiss cheese) and said, "Do you speak English?" and when we said we did, he said, "Would you come into my store please and buy a fur coat?"

Within half an hour of arriving at Constitution Square, a centre of town where hundreds of Athenians sit at outdoor tables sipping water and drinking Turkish coffee, I was hustled by a short dapper young man carrying a rolled-up umbrella and wearing a natty short blue topcoat who tried to sell me twenty beautiful girls, all of whom spoke English. He managed to convince me that he was going to give me a pass to a brand new Greek Bouzouki club for English-speaking tourists and charge it up to promotion, and I found myself the only customer in a little furnished cellar with a dance floor the size of a pool table. There was one lonely-looking plump girl who came over and sat down beside me and asked me to take her to Canada. That is, part of her sat down beside me; a lot of her sat on me, and while I coyly tried to extricate myself the young man tried to talk me into giving him a package of cigarettes. I told him he wanted me to have a look at his club and I'd seen it and good-bye, and the only reason I got out with all my money is that as far as I can figure they thought nobody could really be that gullible and therefore I must be someone in disguise — like James Bond.

Soaring above all this unclassical and sometimes sleazy Athens is the Acropolis, which must be one of the most dramatic sights on earth. It's startlingly high. You see it in the distance everywhere you go, with the Parthenon floating on top of it, an almost unbelievably beautiful temple. You reach it by a winding parklike road that leads to a ticket booth and gates where you start to climb. Up close, as you clamber over rocks resembling Canada's Precambrian shield, watched by guards so that you don't start chipping off samples, you can't help feeling that some of the magic has disappeared. It's like getting so close to a painting that you can see the brush strokes. The Parthenon becomes a cold empty shell the way it was left in 1687 when a Venetian cannonball dropped on it during a war with the Turks, who were using it as a powder magazine. Yet it's a mystic experience to stand inside its marble columns, like hearing a voice from another age. And in a building nearby, called the Erechtheum, you almost expect to hear a calm word or two from the Maidens of the Porch, all six of whom, with the exception of one terra cotta replacement, have been staring with the same introverted expression in the same direction for more than twenty-three hundred years. It's part of the genius of Greek art that the girls carry a roof on their heads without looking foolish. They look relaxed, husky and, to me, a bit amused, as if still thinking of some of the things they heard inside the Erechtheum when a Turkish commandant billeted all his forty wives there at the same time.

There were two things I wanted to do when I got to Greece. One was to see the Agora, the centre of ancient Athens where Socrates held many of his discussions, and which I'd decided was to be the end of the pilgrimage I'd thought up one dreary Canadian midwinter day. I wanted to sit where Socrates had sat. The other place I wanted to see was the Academy of Plato. There was an earlier school, the school of Pythagoras in the Greek colony of Crotona in Italy, but this was one of the first universities in the western world, and Plato, as its head, was without question one of the intellectual and poetic giants of the human race, whose thoughts still influence our world from the Vatican to Mount Palomar Observatory. Yet guide books didn't mention it and at first I thought nobody in Athens even knew he had had a school there.

Finally an old black-shawled woman sitting in a doorway overheard me asking a man on the street about it. At the words "Plato's Academy" she called out in Greek, which the man interpreted for me, that it was too far, giving me the impression that she'd been sitting there ever since the days of Socrates and that she might mean that the world had come too far to go back to Plato. But she and the man worked out how I could get to the Academy, and I caught a bus and caught another bus and walked a couple of miles through a depressing muddy suburb resembling a low-priced Canadian housing development. Finally I came upon a car wrecking lot at the edge of a dreary excavation that looked as if someone had started to build an apartment house there and had lost heart. It was the site of Plato's Academy. It had the feeling of some small plastics plant back of the Queen Elizabeth Way in Toronto. I felt so sad I decided to postpone looking for the place where Socrates sat and to get out into the countryside, which I felt pretty sure couldn't have changed that much since the days of the early Greeks.

There are things to be said for and against guided tours. The bad side is that you speed past scenes so intriguing that you wish you could get out and walk and talk to the people, or at least make friendly signs at them. On the other hand, you reach places such as Delphi, which is about one hundred and fifty miles by road from Athens, and get back in a day, and you get long visits at the places you're headed for and short ones at a few in between. If you get a guide like the woman we had on a Key Tour, much of the tour is like listening to a good elementary field lecture in classical history.

Some of the modern versions of the cities that figure so strongly in classic history come as a shock. The sacred city of Eleusis is on a main highway out of Athens, overhung by smoke from a steel foundry, an oil refinery and a chemical plant. Argos and the city of Corinth, which you can't help expecting to be places of sinful luxury and courtesans elbow deep in gold bracelets, appear from the bus as muddy little towns of low buildings that might be located somewhere in rural Mexico.

But I was absolutely right about the countryside being unchanged. It just about drags you with its remote, ancient, warm beauty. The ruins of Mycenae, which were excavated by the famous archaeologist Schliemann, are on a drowsy sunny hill where you can hear sheep bells, see old trails going up into mountains that must have been in use in the days of Agamemnon. The great circular theatre at Epidaurus is set back in quiet hills, and the audience sits on old marble seats, watching the tiny figure of the guide far below demonstrating the fantastic acoustics of the place. My wife and I were the only ones to climb to the top row of seats, and even from there we could hear the striking of a book match on the stage below.

This Greece is everything you imagined it to be, and it gets even better if you take the second day's trip to Delphi. You drive hour after hour through high mountains toward Mount Parnassus, a dramatic snow-capped peak half hidden by clouds which you see in the distance long before you reach it. The bus winds up the sides of mountains by zigzag roads. You look down, as if from an airplane, to the valley where, according to legend, Oedipus slew his father. Sometimes you're so close to the guard rail you can't see it — and sometimes there is no guard rail. You look up through the skylight of the bus at rocky peaks you might see in Globe, Arizona. You make a sharp turn and you're looking across a vast valley. The driver leans on his horn, takes a turn that looks too tight for a Volkswagen and suddenly you're looking across perhaps seventy miles of mountain ranges, with hills rising up from the valley floor below like green rugs with parts of the nap worn off from much use.

At Delphi the guide shows you some things that in my opinion should be taken with a breath of fresh mountain air, such as the marks in the marble made by the three-legged stool used by the Delphic oracle. But the fact is the oracle *did* operate here, inhaling vapors and going into a trance before she made her predictions, and the ruins of the columns of her shrine still overlook a spectacular view of valleys at the base of Mount Parnassus. As an American girl from Cleveland said, looking thoughtfully at the setting, "That girl had it made. A beautiful view, a private bath and drunk every night."

The Greeks came here by sea or took months to make their pilgrimage overland. We made it back by bus in about four hours, but no pilgrim could have been more enchanted than the passengers during the ride back through the late afternoon sunlight. We'd all got to know one another like lifelong friends by then and toward sunset the driver stopped at a place where a farmer was selling oranges, which he weighed out on an ancient set of hand scales. We drove back to Athens eating oranges, with the bus smelling of orange peels, looking out at the passing scenery — old women sitting outside their cottages spinning wool, shepherds leaning on their staffs, women drawing water from Biblical-looking wells, farmers sowing by hand, donkeys the color of cottontail rabbits and loaded with bundles of kindling or carrying haughty-looking husbands ahead of their wives, who walked.

The next morning my wife and I took a ride on a slow dignified subway to Piraeus, a big bustling seaport, with ships at all angles and in every direction you look. Finding the old walls from Piraeus to Athens is like looking for an Indian trail through a housing development. We returned to our hotel and that afternoon, our last in Greece, I started out to look for the Agora, heading down an ancient narrow street where someone was playing a trumpet, repeating four weird oriental bars of music over and over again. I entered an enormous old market, a warren of narrow passageways between fifteen-foot-high piles of merchandise, the whole place reminiscent of a gigantic secondhand store. I found myself in a frightful slum and finally located the Agora, a carefully excavated area at the foot of the Acropolis.

There were no other visitors there, but I had a plan of the place and located the Temple of Zeus, the porch of which was one of Socrates' favorite spots. I sat down on a sun-warmed marble slab. A kind of sparrow was chirping in a thicket beside me. Back in the slums around the Agora a woman was calling her daughter — "Maree-ee-ee-ee-a." I thought of the centuries that had passed and the things that had happened to this world between the last time Socrates sat here and the time Maria got lost (or decided to hide for a while before going home). I got up and decided to go home myself. ★

"Below the Acropolis I located the Temple of Zeus, the porch of which was one of Socrates' favorite spots, and on a sun-warmed marble slab I sat down and thought of the centuries that had passed"

MACLEAN'S ASKS THE EXPERTS

With governments moving further into the pension and health-insurance fields, what is left for the life-insurance companies?

A. HAZLETT LEMMON

President, The Canada Life Assurance Company

IN RECENT YEARS the various levels of government in Canada have assumed increasing responsibility in the areas of social security. Two of these areas have a direct impact on the life insurance industry — namely, the field of provision for retirement income and medical care. The life insurance industry has made many constructive suggestions to governments in these areas, suggesting that a floor of security be provided so that everyone can look forward to a basic level of security in the event of either illness, accident or old age, even though they are not able to provide it for themselves. This is why the industry has supported the universal flat rate old age security legislation and has suggested to the various levels of government means of providing a minimum level of medical care on a universal basis. The industry has suggested, however, that anything above this basic minimum level should be left for the individual himself to provide in the form best suited to his needs. The individual should have a large area of choice as to how he provides for his own needs, without a measure of compulsion forcing him into a standard pattern that he may not want.

The life insurance industry has a very direct interest in the field of pensions and health insurance, as it has been in this business for many years. In 1963 — the latest year for which figures are available — approximately one third of the premium income of the larger Canadian companies came from these sources. The Canada Pension Plan will certainly shrink the potential market for the companies in this field, and the various federal and provincial government health insurance plans will greatly reduce this area.

However, the basic business of the Canadian life insurance companies is still life insurance — namely, the provision of security for a man's dependents in the event of premature death. In recent years the companies have broadened the variety of coverage that they offer in the fields of mortgage insurance, family income insurance, business insurance, succession duties, etc. A recent survey shows that the average individual on this continent carries less than two years' income in life insurance, whereas something over twice this level is probably necessary. Life insurance provides the only means by which a man can adequately protect himself and his family against the hazards of life.

There will still be a considerable field for further pension business. Many people will consider that the level of pensions provided by the Canada Pension Plan is not adequate to their retirement needs and the necessity of supplementing this leaves a large field for the operation of private enterprise. This has been the experience in the United States, where Social Security has been in effect for thirty years and the field for private pensions, while drastically reduced at first, has nevertheless continued to expand.

Another field in which the life insurance companies will continue to provide service is that of income insurance — the provision of income in the event of disability through accident, sickness, etc. Most companies are offering this on a wide scale to cover a need of which people are becoming increasingly aware. In these three fields there is ample scope for the life insurance industry to continue its record of service to the Canadian people ★

The Volkswagen Station Bus holds the entire population of Jiggs, Nevada.

Jiggs, Nevada is populated by 5 adults and 4 children.

This happens to be just how many you can seat comfortably in a VW Station Bus.

(In fact, this Volkswagen not only holds the whole town of Jiggs, it also holds about twice as much as a conventional wagon: 170 cu. ft.)

Next to people, the scarcest thing in Jiggs is gasoline. There is only one pump in the whole town.

You have to drive 25 miles to get to the next one.

And you could get to the next one in a VW on about one U.S. gallon of gasoline.

O. A. Breschini, who runs the only saloon in Jiggs ("We haven't had a shooting in 2 years") says: "The summers get better than 105° above."

And Will Peters, who makes the best coyote bait in Elko County, remembers the winter of '36 when it got near 50° below.

Fortunately there is nothing in the Volkswagen that can freeze at 50° below, or boil at 105° above.

The engine's air cooled.

Why not visit your VW dealer and discover some of your own reasons why our Station Bus is a good buy? In Canada. Or in Nevada.

The entire population of Jiggs can't be wrong.

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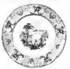
YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT CANADIANA

answered by GERALD STEVENS

Canadian historical china

Mrs. F. B., Brockville, Ont.

Your photograph shows one of the most important views found on Historical China produced by the Staffordshire potters Francis Morley & Co. The name Morley was associated with English potteries operating circa 1835 through 1860 and is of great importance to collectors of Canadiana. About 1860 the name of Ashworth was added to that of Morley and the firm became Morley and Ashworth. From this period on, Canadian historical china has been found marked with the name "Ashworth" or an embossed "A" in a sunken field. The various firms produced transfer decorated tablewares showing scenes inspired by illustrations in *Canadian Scenery*, a one or two volume work published by N. P. Willis, London (1842) and illustrated by W. H. Bartlett.

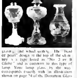


Bartlett prints are, of course, well known to collectors of Canadiana but they're especially desirable and costly when found on nineteenth-century Staffordshire tablewares. The importance of the particular view on your piece of china lies in the fact that the central design of a bridge along with several trees and the word LAKE provide identification for a number of unlisted and unrecorded views. The title of the view on your plate is Chaudière Bridge and was taken from plate 119, vol. 1 of *Canadian Scenery*.

Light on lamp chimneys

Mrs. G. F., North Bay, Ont.

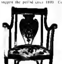
These two lamps are of varying degrees of value as Canadiana. The lamp in the middle is a fine example of a Canadian "Bull's eye" footed lamp. It's one of the most popular designs among Canadiana collectors. The lamp chimney shown on the right is truly a collector's item. Canadian glass factories produced vast numbers of lamp chimneys like this, made from both lead and lime glass, and decorated them with acid etching, wheel engraving and wheel cutting. The "bead or pearl" design at the top of the chimney is a type listed as "No. 2 or B Globe" and is common to this type of lamp. Your lamp glass, by the way, corresponds exactly with an illustration shown on page 74 of the Dominion Glass Company Lamp Chimney Catalogue circa 1915. The lamp at left, alas, is presently credited to the U.S.



It all started with Franklin

Mrs. R. M., Strathmore, Alta.

Rocking chairs are said to have been invented at some period during the latter half of the eighteenth century by Benjamin Franklin. The earliest versions were supplied with short rockers which with the passage of time and changing design became elongated. The details of your chair — springs supporting the seat, elongated rockers, machine carving — suggest the period circa 1890. Coil springs were not introduced until Victorian furniture became the vogue and a careful study of your chair would reveal whether the springs and upholstery were original or were added at some later date. The side chair appears to be of the same period. It has the typical late Victorian elements inspired by designs originating in the eighteenth century — the legs and back splats in particular showing the influence of Queen Anne and Louis XV design.



Gerald Stevens invites queries on Canadiana and other antiques. Each letter must be accompanied by a clear photograph and all available data. We cannot undertake to return photographs. Address letters to Canadiana, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont.

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Under the pillow, a Gurkha knife

PLEASURE OF RUINS

continued from page 20

indescribably murky water of the Irrawaddy laced with whisky which I always carry for just such emergencies.

The night was alive with the continuous sounds of the monks relieving themselves over the side and the saucy chirping of huge brown beetles that roamed among the cigar butts and refuse littering the deck. Curiously enough, when the boat docked below Mandalay at six o'clock on the third morning, I was inexplicably sad to leave these monks who had shown me that privacy was not such a precious commodity after all.

At the Railway Hotel another teakwood bed awaited me but a cold beer and a Chinese meal seemed to me the height of luxury. I hired a jeep and guide and set off into the hinterland in search of Amarapura, "The Immortal City," founded as the capital of Burma in 1783, abandoned in 1857. The temperature was tropical and the entire area covered with thornbushes waist high. I was bleeding and dripping when I got out, but I found and captured the most romantically ruined Buddha and the discomfort was justified. These rare moments of magic can never be calculated and feed the artist between the long stretches of famine in the search for a significant image.

Tigers in the streets

India lay ahead — no fewer than seventeen major archeological sites —and there was no time to lose since the heat was beginning to affect my health and energy. I flew to Calcutta in search of Gaur. Rose Macaulay had written: "Gaur, one of the most magnificent in India (which is to say in the world), was, both before and after its Mohammedan conquest in 1198, the capital of Bengal, a celebrated city of beautiful buildings and high learning, splendidly walled ten miles long with great stone embankments."

Gaur was last inhabited by the Mogul emperor Akbar in 1575 but despite its charming setting in the mango groves, plague broke out and the court moved away. Soon the whole area was infected and the entire district abandoned. For three centuries the jungle encroached and tigers roamed the grassy streets. No one in Calcutta could tell me exactly where it was; certainly no map indicated the site. American Express refused to help me, as no one had reached Gaur in five years, and the Express people warned me that I would probably not be allowed to take pictures. Finally a man at the so-called Tourist Bureau of the railway station convinced me that Gaur was in Malda district, halfway to Darjeeling. There seemed no way to reach my goal from Calcutta so in desperation I flew to Darjeeling and decided to filter down from there.

My physical condition was at its lowest due to the hardships of the trip through Burma plus the fact I hadn't recovered from fever and bronchitis contracted in Cambodia. Somehow I had kept to my schedule of photographing from 6.30 a.m. until sunset, often with only a coconut and Benzedrine tablet for lunch. At night I would stumble under my mosquito netting with all my cameras linked together by a cord attached to my wrist, take my vitamin tablets and antimalaria pills, tune in to Radio Peking on my transistor or do some research for the next day's work to prepare for 5 a.m. takeoff. All transport, whether plane, bus, train or bullock cart, seemed to leave at the bewitching predawn hour of 5 a.m. This was true right across Asia in the summer.

In Darjeeling I set out twice on horseback to photograph Mount Everest but it poured each time. In the end my only photographic catch was of the four adorable Tibetan-looking children of the Maharanee of Bhutan who was on her way to attend the wedding of the crown prince of Sikkim to an American society girl. The authorities couldn't seem to understand anyone wanting to photograph ruins but I finally obtained a military permit to visit Malda district on the border of East Pakistan, which bristled with artillery in the endless border cold war.

I started by hitchhiking with some German geologists who said they were going very nearby. A mere one hundred and eighty miles west of Gaur, it turned out to be. After ten hours in a Land Rover they took pity on me and put me up in a tent surprisingly pitched several hundreds of yards from their main camp. This was exactly the area where Rose Macaulay described the tigers roaming through the snake-infested grass. Luckily I had bought a Gurkha jungle knife at a Tibetan monastery bazaar. I put it under my pillow with a flashlight and a can opener when the jackals began to sing (of course I dreamed they were tigers).

Next morning I set off in a bor-

continued on page 34

Author-photographer Bone hops up in skirt from burro-back at ruin of the Temple of Athena at Assos, Turkey

Fairy tales never told of giants like these

Giants still thrive in British Columbia. At Nitinat on Vancouver Island, at Sandspit on the Queen Charlottes, at Bella Coola on the mainland coast, in all the flourishing Crown Zellerbach forest areas, you'll see trees as tall as twenty and more storeys.

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From the sands waved beggars' bowls

rowed Jeep to catch a local train which actually got me to Malda, the closest town to my destination, fabled Gaur. In these remote parts of India the only person certain to speak English is the stationmaster—if you can locate him among the hundreds of barefooted porters who instantly snatch your luggage and disappear into the mob. Malda's stationmaster sent me off in a motorized pedicab, a glorified two-seater bicycle. Over rough dusty tracks through the palm and mango groves we found the nearest Dak bungalow but to my despair it was already full of Indian honeymooners and the only "hotel" was jammed with refugees from the disputed border. So I spent the night in a garage with all my possessions on a wooden trestle table to escape the beetles. I couldn't go in search of a meal, being unwilling to abandon my cameras—as the local people say, possessions have little legs.

At dawn I hired an ancient taxi with the local mayor as my guide—by now I had become a celebrity or a curiosity—and we set off in the already blazing sun to cover the ten miles of splendid ruins of Gaur and Pandua's twenty miles further on in the mango groves.

My permit having expired, I had to return to Malda in time to catch the five p.m. train. I was full of anticipation of a luxurious overnight trip to Calcutta. But the luxury consisted of having my so-called first-class compartment, already shared by a government officer, invaded by a dozen peasants with their bundles and babies whose odor film cannot record, I am happy to say. In addition I had to change trains five times, sit on the sandbanks of the Ganges in the black night waiting for a ferry, fight off scavenging dogs that roam the banks of the river and dodge the spitting natives who are equal only to the Burmese in their passion for this habit.

Calcutta, possibly the most terrifying city in the world, was my headquarters for the next month, during which I never lost my pity and horror at the sight of two hundred thousand people fitfully sleeping in grey shrouds amidst the dung of the sacred cows that roam the endless avenues. Before finally leaving Calcutta I had wandered as far as Benares, that fetid, horrifying Holy City of burning ghats on the Ganges, to Buddh Gaya, the holiest Buddhist shrine in India near the border of Nepal, and the seething pornographic Hindu temples of Konarak, Bhuvaneswar and Puri, where the leprous beggars bury themselves in sand before the holy shrines. I could never bring myself to photograph them but threw my rupees into their waving bowls and hurried into the dark temples with a sense of discomfort.

En route to Ceylon I flew South of Madras, where the Indians are much darker, more graceful, infinitely cleaner. In Ceylon, sleeping in a subtropical swamp, are two lost cities that still puzzle and intrigue the experts. They are quite accessible to the hardy traveler; in fact Queen

continued on page 36

JASPER By Simpkins

The [illegible] end up in a Russian circus

---

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The baroness had a hobby: jewels

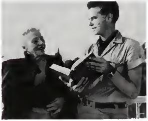
Elizabeth paid an official visit to Polonnaruwa. I slept in the so-called Royal Suite of the pavilion — not as comfortable as it sounds since the airconditioning was not working and I spent half the night sitting waist deep in the bathing tank built by King Parakarama the Great three thousand years ago!

At the Madras airport I encountered the fabulously rich Baroness von Durghart, an acquaintance from Rome, profusely perspiring behind a peacock fan. She was on her way back from the royal wedding in Sikkim and suggested we travel to Ceylon together. Unknown to me, she was carrying with her jewels valued at half a million dollars. Her present hobby is collecting villas and castles in Italy but her perennial hobby has always been jewels. We were almost arrested when she was forced to disgorge this hoard of diamonds, ruby, turquoise and emerald necklaces, brooches, bracelets and tiaras before the startled eyes of the customs officials at the Colombo airport. After some expert feminine cajoling on her part we were allowed to travel on but only after the treasure was secured in one bag by lead custom seals and more or less chained to her arm. From then on, while we were treated as celebrities, I felt the Ceylonese police were as uneasy as I was. But at least I was enjoying my first taste of luxury after roughing it in West Bengal and Burma — for example the baroness magically produced a chauffeur-driven Buick wherever she went. She took it in stride when the car broke down and we were left alone at twilight in an area dangerous for its roving herds of wild elephants. Hours later we were rescued by a pedicab and were pedaled back to civilization —with the jewels and cameras on our laps — through the twittering black jungle. Having proved herself a charming and resourceful traveling companion, I persuaded her to make the journey into Mysore State to visit Halebid.

The two remaining temples of this vanished city are for me the finest in India; they shimmer in a clearing in the bamboo jungle, carved inside and out with intricate scrolls and friezes, beginning at the base with processions of elephants, then tigers and mythical beasts, row upon row of horsemen, dancers, epics of conquest, monkeys and birds. Reposing under a richly carved baldachino, a monumental sacred bull sits gazing across the river. In the dim interior black manifestations of the god Vishnu, their heads festooned with living, sleeping bats, looked down on the rare visitor who wanders among the ever present phallic symbols. Much to the disgust of the devout, these carved pedestals make handy seats for tired travelers, many of them retired school teachers.

Now that we were back in India the baroness's famous canvas bag had been unsealed and she invited me to examine her treasures at breakfast on her balcony in the Krishnarajasagar hotel, a former maharajah's palace. She arrayed her collection in dazzling symmetry on the balustrade. Suddenly to our horror a flock of ravens, attracted by the blazing array, swooped down and the jewels were only saved by scooping them into the tablecloth and retreating into the bedroom. The bag was sealed again, not to be opened until the baroness winged back to Rome while I pursued my odyssey to Old Delhi and inevitably Agra and the Mogul love palaces of Akbar and his son Shah Jehan. My futile attempts to reach Samarkand from New Delhi, even with the good will of the Canadian embassy, were matched only by the equally futile negotiations I made in Hong Kong with the Red Chinese to enter Inner Mongolia and my most cherished goal, the fabled site of the Kublai Khan's palace at Xanadu. When I

continued on page 38



Authors compare notes at Bombay in India: Roloff Beny spent an evening with famed U.S. novelist Pearl Buck at her retreat overlooking the Indian Ocean

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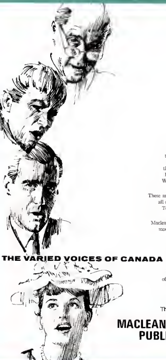

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However, in Bombay I had the honor of being entertained at government house by Madame Pandit and her author daughter Nayantra Sahgal and spent an evening with Pearl Buck in her retreat overlooking the Indian Ocean. She thought I was overdoing the physical exertion and advised me to rest and contemplate the wealth of images already gathered before moving on. But budget and a publisher's deadline ruled out this luxury.

Beauty on the Peacock Throne

Flying west across the great plateau on which Tehran is situated, separated from the Caspian Sea by a range of snow-etched mountains, I had only one major ambition beyond photographing the antiquities of ancient Persia, and that was to photograph the present queen. I admired her youthful courage and the fairy-tale way in which destiny transported her to the Peacock Throne. It is said that she was proposed to in a helicopter, a modern touch. She skis, is a wonderful mother and consort and wears the fabled crown jewels—the blazing diamond and emerald tiaras — all with equal aplomb. Not accustomed to such an exotic request, the Canadian embassy declined to aid me in my efforts to photograph the queen (in fact it was not until my audience with the shah was announced that the ambassador found time to receive me).

I turned to British officials for help but they too could do little more than wish me luck, claiming that this was my own embassy's territory. A letter of introduction to the director of Pakistan International Airways, Mr Yazdanie, turned out to be my trump card. He was my greatest ally throughout my stay in Iran. He took me to lunch with the minister of the new Government Tourist Bureau, who in turn was a personal friend of the deputy prime minister, who in turn had an entrée via the court chamberlain to the shah. Through him my then-latest book *A Time Of Gods* (which I carried as a second passport for emergency purposes) was to find its way by various degrees of protocol to His Imperial Majesty himself. It took a tense two weeks to filter through, but it finally opened the door to a private sitting with the entire royal family.

Meanwhile there were my ruins to occupy me. Violent unrest over new land reforms plus demonstrations by religious extremists made military permits a requirement to visit even the celebrated palace of Xerxes and Darius at Persepolis. My ambitious program included the romantic Sassanian Mud Palace at Firuzabad and the legendary Portuguese fortress on the island of Ormuz in the Persian Gulf. Thanks to the keen interest of the court chamberlain, I was the guest of the director of antiquities at Persepolis and slept in the palace itself for two enchanted nights. It was full moon and I was able to walk among the giant shadows cast by columns erected more than five hundred years before Christ, and carvings on majestic staircases hardly rivaled by the friezes of the Parthenon of Periclean Athens. I touched these by moonlight, reading their surfaces like the blind reading braille. Another friend of Mr Yazdanie (you see why I was lucky to be in his circle) owned a shrimp fleet which happened to be off Ormuz, and to my astonishment offered to fly me there, literally across the length of Persia, to spend a few days aboard the master ship of the fleet and take photographs ashore.

I was up at 4.30 a.m. in a frenzy, not knowing what to pack for the reputedly hottest spot in the world. I pocketed some bread and cheese along with my trusty flask of whisky and dashed through predawn Tehran for our takeoff. I sat next to the pilot and in fact actually guided the plane half the way. If I were asked which experience I would most like to repeat in my life I would perhaps choose this. For five hours I was in seventh heaven. At Shiraz, where we stopped to refuel, half a mile of the tarmac was covered in precious Persian rugs. I asked the pilot why, and he told me solemnly it was in my honor. In my elated state I was ready to believe anything, and I was only a little disappointed when I discovered that the carpets were for the visiting president of India.

continued on page 40

PARADE

Beats using a forked stick

When the Ontario Hydro power crew arrived on a farm near Renfrew and hoisted their post-hole auger ready for drilling, the farmer came running up waving his arms frantically for them to plant their post elsewhere. "Water line runs along here somewhere," he explained. "Try it over there." So the Hydro men obligingly tried it over there — and hit the water line dead on.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade c/o Maclean's.

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I CAN BE VERY INDECISIVE

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Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

Escape through a secret passage

When the shrimp fleet came into view we dived to signal our approach and I had my first glimpse of the technicolored salt mountains that ridge the island of Ormuz. The enchantment of the night continued for the next two days and nights, feasting aboard the ship on fresh shrimps downed with Russian vodka under the blazing stars, making sorties to photograph the beautiful ruins of the Portuguese fortress, bathing in the Persian Gulf—the only relief from this caldron on the edge of the desert.

Back in Tehran I was informed by a court official that my royal audiences would take place the following day and that same afternoon I was given the rare permission to photograph the Persian crown jewels, undoubtedly the world's most stupendous collection, surpassing those in London or Istanbul. The meeting with the shah at 5 p.m. was preceded by violent rioting in the bazaar just as I was on my way to visit the old Gulestan Royal Palace, now a museum. With the two aristocratic beauties who were my escorts I was rushed to the offices of a newspaper while for three hours the area was under fire.

Finally, accompanied by the president of the newspaper, we escaped through a secret underground passage which all high officials seem to have at their disposal for such events. Before departing he gravely shook hands with his entire staff, who remained calm in spite of the columns of smoke rising on all sides.

At the hotel I learned with surprise that my audience had not been canceled and, dressed in my only drip-dry black suit and borrowed black shoes, I was whisked to the shah's summer quarters. After examination of all my camera bags I was escorted into a tranquil world of rose gardens and avenues of fountains leading to one of the five royal palaces of the shah. Their majesties were waiting for me at the bottom of a great flight of stairs, lined with officials, officers and servants. No one, not even a flunky, offered to help me with my numerous camera bags. After a long session of concentrated photographing, I heard myself boldly requesting a special sitting with the queen alone in more formal attire, preferably white. At this point the shah, with a firm handshake, asked to be excused and murmured in French to the queen, "Arrange whatever you wish with Mr. Beny. I have things to attend to."

Indeed he did, for at that tense hour he spoke to his generals via a walkie-talkie that had followed us everywhere. That evening the crowds were fired on by the troops and many lives were lost. The queen received me the next day at noon in a dazzling white satin ball gown, a diamond and turquoise necklace and wearing her wedding shoes. The revolt had by no means abated and once more I was bewildered by her composure.

Next stop: Iraq. I arrived there by chance on our queen's birthday and that night I sipped champagne on the lawn of the British Embassy overlooking the greatest river of antiquity, the Euphrates, while a British band played incongruous British military airs. Baghdad itself was under curfew and permission to photograph became an unbelievable exercise in Near East buck passing. Ultimately a Land Rover, a driver and a guide were assigned to me, but the officials warned me that I had chosen the most remote and worthless place to visit—Ukheider, thirty miles south of Babylon. But I relied on Rose Macaulay, who had written: "Archaeologists cannot date Ukheidur with certainty. . . . Whatever its date, it is the most imposing ruin in Mesopotamia, better than Samarra, better than Ctesiphon" (which I had already photographed).

To some travelers the first sight of it had been the most memorable experience of life.

Even with a government guide it

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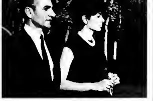

The shah and queen of Iran posed for Roloff Beny at their summer palace while troops and rioters fought in the marketplace in Tehran, the capital

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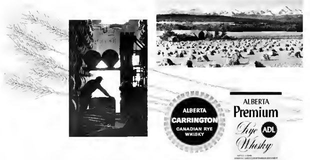

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took us hours of zigzagging across the burning desert to find this fairy tale palace of mud brick built by the Sassanian caliph for his beloved wife as a retreat from the corrupt court. Unlike the Taj Mahal's enduring marble this dream monument has now almost completely melted into the desert. It is rarely visited and is tended by a fierce Bedouin who rode to greet us on a magnificent horse and later entertained us in his family abode. He personally prepared a potent brew of tea and in hesitant English to my astonishment questioned me about a domain that fascinated him more than any — Canada. He made time stop for me and I would have liked to remain there stretched on his goat skins far from New York, London, Paris and Rome, which now seemed hardly to exist.

But schedules still called and I continued west to Jordan to roam about the Roman caravan city of Petra "half as old as time" where one enters a fantasy of rock hewn temples only on horseback or on foot; then Jerash, a golden marble city still standing in columned splendor now inhabited by goatherds. My two destinations in Syria were Palmyra and Bosra. Palmyra is perhaps the most visual feast for the ruin lover and Bosra, now totally wrecked, still can boast an amphitheatre built in the time of the Emperor Trajan, second to none in Asia Minor.

On Cyprus, soon to be torn by war, I found enough work for an entire essay but by now I could feel myself being drawn to my base in Rome which I had left nearly a year earlier. My last official portrait was of President Archbishop Makarios with his pet gazelle. The capricious little animal tore off the archbishop's famous crucifix during the photographing and we spent some time on our knees searching in the grass for a missing jewel. He was very friendly and much younger than his photographs reveal.

I was by now suffering from extreme fatigue, a saturation of antiquities and the endless succession of beds, foods, currencies, languages and protocol. One vital area remained—Turkey—and my arrival in Ankara was fortuitously timed. It was Canada's Dominion Day and our ambassador saw to it that I met the private secretary to the Turkish premier at the reception. He arranged for a car, driver and guide to be at my disposal. All my lost energy returned and we set off next morning crossing the scorched interior of Asia Minor to the bizarre early Christian cave city of Goreme. Three days later we climbed over the great walls of Antioch and that night bathed in the forest enclosed waterfalls of Daphne. In the next two weeks I tackled Troy, Alexandria Troas, Assos, Ayvalik, Pergamum, Izmir, Priene, Didyme, Miletus, Hierapolis, Aspendos, Side, Perge, Magnesia on the Meander, Antalya and Ephesus. Thus Turkey provided the perfect climax to my long saga of ruin-hunting, and here for my lens were amphitheatres, temples, gymnasiums, baths, libraries, sacred avenues and shattered statuary. My last night in Izmir we dined on fresh lobster and white Aegean wine, and I flew home ★

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ONE CANADIAN FAMILY

continued from page 23

that we had made an investment to date of five hundred and fifty dollars in bilingualism — the cost of sending Paul to the summer-school course at Laval. I began to suspect that this bilingualism doesn't come cheap.

In the late fall the University of Manitoba put on evening courses in French and Paul, Susan and I went out to be graded. Paul made it into "advanced," Susan into "intermediate" and I sneaked into "elementary" (both the kids thought this was hilarious).

More laughs were in store. The last French I had studied was in a one room country school on George Mellesmoen's southwest quarter section of the Renown district of central Saskatchewan. No doubt the French instruction had not been good, and in any case in that country school most of us were more interested in trapping weasels than in studying French. In those non-bilingual days it seemed ridiculous to be poking French at a bunch of Swedish Canadian kids who could learn a second language with no effort other than by taking part in dinner table talk.

Oh dad, poor dad

I had to get down to it. I got a bunch of records and a book. I had the text from my elementary course at the University of Manitoba and I had some of the books that Paul had used at Laval. Paul was there to help and so indeed was Susan. Always clever, she had picked up an unbelievable amount of French in the limited courses she had taken.

And so when I got stuck I called Paul and he came down to the study and leaned over my desk and applied himself to my problem. He explained why it was necessary to use "lui" instead of "le" but I didn't get it. And then in quick succession he asked a series of apparently unrelated questions. I answered as best I could.

"Sue!" Paul bellowed. "Mom!"

Both arrived.

"Dad doesn't know any English grammar — even! He doesn't know any!"

"Don't be rude to your father," said Betty, and went back to the kitchen.

"You're not serious!" said Sue.

"I sure am! Dad doesn't know the difference between a direct and an indirect object!"

"You've got to be kidding!"

"Here, let me show you." Paul poked his finger onto a sentence in my book. "Is that a direct or an indirect object?"

No doubt I bristled a bit. "I'm not going to perform for you," I said. "Beat it!"

"Dad," asked Sue a little anxiously, "how can you make a living as a writer when you don't know any grammar?"

"I deal only with very kindly editors," I said.

I began to realize that I needed a little private instruction. Obviously working only with my own children would have s e r i o u s limitations. Through friends I got in touch with Jean Cyr, a slight twenty-six-year-old Canadian of French origin and a

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teacher of French in East Kildonan. He agreed to tutor me if it was clearly understood that he would expel me if I wasn't prepared to work hard. His first discovery, to my chagrin, confirmed my children's diagnosis. "Like most English speaking Canadians you don't know any grammar," he told me gently. So he started my course in French by teaching me something about English grammar.

Paul and Sue were grinding right along. Sue was taking grade ten French in high school and once a week she was taking an evening course at the university. Paul was running parallel courses at a slightly higher level. And now Cyr started to put on the pressure and come about the beginning of January I began to get with it.

French in a sleeping bag

My regular work is mixed. Trained as an economist, I operated as a free lance writer until in 1962 I became a partner in an economic consulting firm. During those early months of 1964 I was involved in preparing a brief for Premier Smallwood re Newfoundland, followed by an examination of the economic feasibility of small feed mills in Alberta, and come March was off in the Arctic and the floe edge with seal hunting Eskimos on a picture story for *Maclean's*. From Newfoundland to Calgary to Southampton Island I carried my books and I studied French — in a hotel in Newfoundland, in a motor hotel in Calgary and later lying in my sleeping bag in a snow house on Southampton Island. Within a day of my return to Winnipeg, Jean Cyr would be at the house and we'd open a bottle of wine and Betty would bring in a plate of cheeses and we'd start talking and writing and working in French.

I wanted to have some idea of what I was putting into the learning of French in terms of time and money. I kept a strict record of all the hours I worked on the language—reading French books, working with records, working with grade-nine to grade-twelve French school texts, talking to Jean Cyr, indeed working at French from all possible angles. Between the beginning of January and the end of June I put in an average of two hours and ten minutes every day, Sundays and traveling days included. There were some days when I worked in the office all day and worked five or six hours in the evening, and there were plenty of Sundays when I was over the books at eight in the morning and still going at eight at night. It was an all-out effort.

Night after night, hour after hour I sat over those books. If seven hours is a day's work, I put in a total of fifty seven-hour days on French between the beginning of January and the end of June. Before the turn of the year I'd estimate perhaps another ten days — a total input of some sixty days.

Total costs to this point broke down to five hundred and fifty dollars for sending Paul to Laval, about one hundred dollars for the fees at the university, plus various texts and records and subscriptions and at five

continued on page 46

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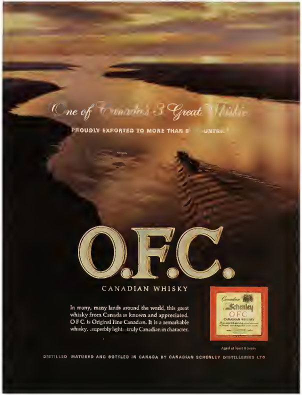
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dollars an hour. I had paid Jean Cyr another three hundred and fifty dollars. So the cost to this point totted up to a total of about a thousand dollars.

It was more than we could afford. And the end was not yet. The big blitz was to come in July. In late June Paul and Susan and I said goodby to Betty and the small girls and headed east toward Quebec. Paul, grade twelve now finished, was going to work for the CNR in Montreal. He would be living with a French-speaking family for the three months until he had to come home to start university. Susan was going to stay with a family in Three Rivers, and I was going to Laval University where I would spend six weeks in a concentrated study of spoken French.

I shared with friends, neighbors and to a degree my wife a curiosity as to why we were making all this effort. For the children, with some supplementing of their school and university French, they could gain a real knowledge of the written and spoken language and in my view it can be argued that in the 1960s parents really should make some effort to ensure that children are given an opportunity to learn both the official Canadian languages.

But it's much more than this. If one cannot speak and read French it is impossible to know what is going on in all parts of this country except as seen through the eyes of somebody else. It is ridiculous to be unable to communicate freely with some thirty percent of one's Canadian fellow citizens. And with all the rumblings that were coming out of Quebec it seemed well worthwhile to be able, at a minimum, to read the newspapers, periodicals and books of *la belle province*.

And so from Winnipeg the three of us were traveling east.

We found that French Canadians were prepared to go to infinite trouble to help us learn French. Friends in Winnipeg and St. Boniface communicated with their friends in Quebec and demanded accommodation for us. And without exception the people in Quebec were incredibly helpful.

No talk of money, please

M. and Mme Roger Laroche at Three Rivers were the family who were attending to Susan. We arrived at Three Rivers just before lunch and hunted the house. We joined M. and Mme Laroche for lunch; they told Susie how welcome she would be with them and their friends and relatives and said that they wanted it understood from the first that Susan was their guest and my talk of paying for food and lodging would not be tolerated. For a month Susan lived and played in Three Rivers, and in a city that is almost entirely French-speaking she quickly learned some French.

At Laval, I found, as Paul had found the year before, that the summer-school students in the French conversational classes were predominantly American. There were a total of 972 students and 646 of these were from the United States. Of the 104 from Canada, almost half were from Ontario and a third from Quebec. Manitoba's total of six compared with 86 from Pennsylvania. The nine from British Columbia and three from Nova Scotia compared with 23 from Missouri, 38 from Wisconsin and 68 from Illinois. If these figures are any indication, then the United States and Ontario are the areas destined to be bilingual on this continent.

In language laboratory and lecture hall, French was hammered at us for five hours a day. And with classes over we all talked only French. And the Melansons, with whom I lived, worked endless hours to improve my understanding. In six weeks in this family of five I was never spoken to in English—and M. Melanson, in particular, spoke faultless English.

With the summer over, Paul and Sue and I compared notes. All of us had learned a lot about Quebec and all of us had learned a lot of French. And now we were much more relaxed about it; the wild rush to learn the language was finished and we were enjoying our new facility. Our relative competence in the language had not changed — Paul spoke with real facility, Sue spoke quite well and I spoke badly but with enthusiasm. And all of us had in equal measure in common a new understanding of the country and the two major races that go to make it up.

Susie will go to Laval this summer and when she returns she will speak French very well for an [illegible]

Betty started with a fairly considerable amount of French and, unfaithful to her threat, has done enough talking and reading in French to more or less keep apace. As a family we are halfway there. We read a daily paper from Quebec, we subscribe to some Quebec periodicals, we listen to radio and television in French and though there is a lot in written and spoken word that we do not get, there's a lot that we do. We aren't bilingual and we certainly aren't bicultural but neither are we the same people with the same concept of Canada that we had when we knew no French at all.

Has it been worth it? For Paul and Sue all that has been involved has been supplementing the French they take in school and university so that they learn the language well enough to have it for the rest of their lives. Quite apart from understanding all aspects of living in their own country this has to be worthwhile.

No such open and shut case can be made for parents. And yet I am convinced that anyone who arranges for some instruction, gets some records and books and who commits his spare time for a year will be able to limp along in written and spoken French. Polishing it is hard work. You read anyway and talk anyway and once to the point where you can read and speak French with minimum facility the rest simply adds painlessly on. In a country in which thirty percent of the people speak French as their mother tongue that surely is not too much effort. ★

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"My uniform confuses some, but once they know me they accept me completely"

THE HARDEST JOB

continued from page 16

feel knowing that God is here in the hospital. They arrive at God in funny ways sometimes — one boy asked me if I thought he could get a special kind of jet wings when he went to heaven so he could be the fastest boy there — but however they do it it has a meaning for them. A little leukemia patient asked me if God was really right in the hospital and when I said yes, He was, the boy said, 'Gee, He must hurt an awful lot.'"

Miss Relyea said that the hospital maintains a Sunday school and that it's part of her job to run it. University students come in every Sunday to help her teach the lessons and she usually has about a hundred and twenty-five children in the classes. The school is geared to deal with the problems of young people in a hospital but it isn't compulsory to attend, and children from any denomination may join the school if they want. For herself Miss Relyea said she certainly doesn't want to be seen in the hospital as just an Anglican nurse.

"I'm not even sure that I want to be seen as a nurse in a uniform," she went on. "White is such a sterile color anyway. Nurses should wear pink or blue or something gayer than white. Wearing a uniform does make it easier for me to get along with new people on the staff who wonder what in the world I'm doing around here. But sometimes in the uniform it's hard for the little patients to separate me from the girls who put needles in their arms. Once they know us, though, they accept me completely for what I am, uniform or no uniform. I helped a little girl I knew on the sixth floor go to the bathroom the other day and afterward she told me that she thought I'd make a very good nurse if I wanted."

I mentioned the remark I'd heard earlier from the nurse who talked about emotional suicide and told Miss Relyea that her job seemed to me the most heartbreaking occupation I could imagine and a sure invitation to emotional suicide.

"Sometimes I feel completely drained when I go home at night," she said. "Last fall was a very bad time because nine children I knew died one after another quite close together. And I guess I feel worse about the leukemia patients like Allison and Chris — they're given so many needles and they have a miserable time.

But with all the depressing things happening here, it's really the hardest job to go home from. I suppose I'm doing the job that other nurses would like to do if they could. It's part of nursing to be concerned about patients, especially when they're children, and for me religion is the biggest part of the concern. The only really meaningful way that God shows in the suffering in the hospital is through us caring. How else do you think the children would be able to stand what's happening to them?

"Besides, in hospitals like this one doctors are always finding new ways to cure children's diseases. Children who might have died a few years ago can be fixed now with an operation or some special treatment. Soon maybe children like Chris and Allison won't die and *that's* something to keep everybody going." ★

PARADE

Customs are like that, stuffy

Fort Erie, Ont., is one of those border towns where half the people seem to work for the customs. We're not sure what the other half do but we do have a report of a conversation overheard between two women, one of whom asked the other whether her husband was still working as a customs officer. "Oh no," explained the other. "Jack likes to smuggle, and he couldn't do that working in customs, so he quit."

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THE BEAVERS

continued from page 25

the water frightening in the stillness of a spring evening.

I do not maintain that the beaver generally likes the company of man. On the contrary, the dam I have mentioned and the lodge near the trail have long since been abandoned and on my last visit to Lusk Lake the beaver had moved to the far side of the lake, out of reach of even the few visitors who take the trouble of the hour-and-a-half steady climbing.

The visit to the beaver colony of Lusk Lake was followed by many others all through the four seasons of the year. I would see the beavers as often as not if only I had the time to stay late enough. On the other hand I rarely met Canadians on my way up or down. Twice I met an European colleague and his wife, but the native from Rideau Street, Bloor or Dorchester does not seem to realize sufficiently the treasure he possesses in the wildlife of those woods and forests where he is not allowed to hunt or fish.

I have visited Lusk Lake in the middle of winter, crossing the ice on my skis and freezing my finger tips trying to change a film in my camera. On a bright and bitterly cold Sunday afternoon in February I examined several beaver lodges buried under the ice and snow and I saw no traces or tracks of beaver, no openings in the thick ice. I still find it difficult to understand how the beaver family, four or more together inside the lodge, can survive on the stock of branches stored under the ice. Not hibernating, how do they breathe?

In the middle of April I have seen a beaver traversing a wide stretch of ice on the lake at a distance looking like a big black ball against the white background, moving rather slowly, the feet not showing under the fur and resembling the mechanical toys that will roll across the floor when you wind them. The interest was mutual: while I sat down to eat my sandwich the beaver would dive under the ice and come up in the fringe of open water next to the shore just in front of where I sat. He would watch me carefully and then slap his tail to send a fountain of water up in the air, blinding against the April sun.

At a very early stage I attempted to take photos of my Canadian friends but I must admit that I had to change cameras twice before I was able to obtain more than a picture of an indistinguishable small black object against the surface of the water. The difficulty is the simple one that when the beaver ventures out there is normally little light left so you must have a fast lense and a fast film and preferably a telescopic lense that draws the object in like a pair of field glasses.

The equipment I got together little by little and then I had the good luck of running into a beaver colony last autumn in a much more accessible spot in the Gatineau, only forty-five minutes from where I park the car and still not often visited by anybody but myself and the beavers.

The setup is the traditional one: the waters of a modest trickle of a stream having been stemmed up to form a pond by an admirable system of four dams, one below the other. As very little water flows in, the dams are firmly tightened with mud apparently scraped up from the bottom of the pond. Where there is plenty of water the beaver will just use branches, letting the surplus water run through the dam. For protection, the beaver lodge is normally built a certain distance from shore, but the lodge of my colony is a find to the photographer as it is only about twenty feet out in the water. On my first visit in September, before the lodge was wholly covered with mud, I could actually hear the beavers eating inside, gnawing off bark from branches with a noise like horses eating carrots.

Over three months I spent most of the late afternoons and evenings each weekend quietly observing the beavers coming out of the water, partly to feed and partly to gather their supply of branches for winter. Little by little they have apparently grown accustomed to my face and they do not seem to mind my presence anymore. Neither does my camera flash frighten them in the least.

I am told that it is sometimes very difficult to distinguish the sex of the beaver. Fortunately my beaver couple has had no difficulty in this respect and I have often seen their kits playing around in the late afternoon before the parents come out.

As often is the case, this family of beavers has several muskrats as lodgers living with them in the lodge. So far as my experience goes, the beaver does not consider the muskrat an enemy or parasite. The muskrat may afford the solution to the riddle I mentioned above: how do the beavers get enough air into their lodge during winter? The muskrats make their own channels through the walls of the lodge and several feet of snow on top, and they also perform other useful services for their landlords. Once I saw the beaver send the muskrat out as an observer to have a look at me and my telescopic lense before the beaver himself made an appearance.

I also mentioned that on my first visits to the beavers I wondered how a beaver family could survive over winter on the bark of the branches stored under the ice. Later, however, I made an enlightening discovery. On the first day of the year I visited the beavers again and took advantage of the opportunity to walk around on the thick ice, listening attentively for any signs of life from inside the lodge. As it was about noon there were none, probably because the family was asleep, but as I inspected the surroundings more closely I nearly stumbled into an oblong hole in the ice, well hidden toward the bank. At the water level, now nearly a foot below the surface of the ice, there was about three quarters of an inch of fresh ice. When I broke it I heard some rumbling from below and the open water in the hole moved slightly, though I did not actually see the beaver. I then noticed a well-defined path in the snow leading from the hole up the bank and some seventy-five yards into the wood where some young trees had been cut by the beavers. It was evident that this had taken place quite recently as fresh chips and shavings were lying on top of the snow. From another

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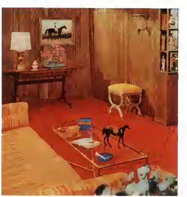

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opening in the ice where there was still running water, tracks of a beaver's tail and feet were clearly visible. Even deep into winter the beavers apparently manage to get out from their lair and get fresh food; the stock of branches stored under the ice serves them as emergency rations.

This, however, raises another question: how does the beaver break the ice? I have seen a beaver bite into the edge of the ice where a small hole had already been made, but how does he do it from below when there is no open water?

Besides man, whose activity is restricted in the parks, the beavers hardly have a serious enemy in the lower part of the Gatineau, which no doubt accounts for their trust in man. Bear, wolf and wolverine are very rare and I have never seen a dead beaver in my wanderings in the Gatineau Hills. I must add, though, that one Sunday morning in October about daybreak, when my interest in the beaver had called me out of my bed and onto the ridge of the Gatineau Hills, I noticed the young beavers getting fretful and nervous. At first I thought they were just playing, but then I felt that some kind of danger was approaching. A few wild ducks taxied across the pond and set off in a hurry, birds were crying and there was a rustle in the dead leaves. Then suddenly a graceful, sleek animal considerably larger than a squirrel, with black fur and a long tail, entered the stage. Literally flying rather than jumping over the new ice and onto the beaver lodge. Spreading horror all around with his white grin, he eventually swam to the dam and disappeared down on the other side. I thought at first it was a fisher, but I suspect it must have been a mink. To a full-grown beaver the mink could hardly be a dangerous animal, but perhaps it might to the young ones and certainly to the muskrats.

I would like to present one more proof of the prudence and sagacity of the beaver. Anxious to learn more about their ways when confined to the lodge and the waters under the ice, I called on my forest friends one Saturday in December when the pond was icebound and the cold was biting my fingers. It was obvious that in two places the beavers had until recently managed to keep openings in the ice. I broke the ice at one of these places and waited patiently for a beaver to come out. Though I could hear one moving around under the ice, he appeared only after I had moved to the other hole on the far shore of the pond. Aided by a sixth sense, he came out of hole number one when I was watching hole number two. Sitting up on his haunches, scratching his belly, he sniffed against the wind and directed a sly look in my direction across the pond. That entire afternoon he would invariably choose the better hole of the two — which I would not be at that moment.

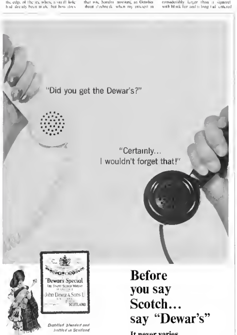
It is not for me, an outsider, to report the narrative of the part the beaver has played in Canadian history. I regret that with all his exceptional and fascinating talents the beaver is ill fitted for heraldic purposes and because of his resemblance to the common rat will hardly find his way into a Canadian flag. He does, however, appear in several Canadian coats of arms and military badges as well as in the shield of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Nature's ways are strange, and it has often been pointed out that the beaver was saved from extinction when silk appeared toward the middle of the eighteenth century and fashion changed gentlemen's hats, then made out of beaver felt, to the new-fangled silk hats. On future official occasions, when the ambassador of Denmark lifts his silk topper, this knowledge will be a source of satisfaction to him and his thoughts will go out to Canada and his friend, the Canadian beaver ★

PARADE

Hot gospel

A man in Lancaster, N.B., dropped into his church one afternoon and when he was about to leave noticed the small daughter of a friend sitting quietly in the last seat over by the wall. When he asked how long she'd been there the girl said quite a while, but when he offered to escort her home she shook her head and said not yet. Then she whispered, I'm drying my pants on the radiator because mother scolds me if I come home with them wet.



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With an exterior skeleton, the new superman will have the strength of ten

SPACE SUPERMAN
continued from page 22

really need to keep in mind is the importance of noticing each of such signs as a stimulus to keep on going, then putting it aside in your mind and concentrating on the task itself."

The words pick up in tempo. "This is not going to be easy to do — it's going to take every ounce of concentration and effort and will that you can muster. I want you to give it everything you've got ... make this a total effort, using every resource within you."

An hour after entering the hot box the patient emerges, tasks completed, as if he had been working in an air-conditioned room.

With students as patients, Perry London, a psychologist at the University of Illinois, carried out such an experiment at the request of the U.S. Air Force, which is interested in the possibility that hypnosis (which can be self induced) is a possible way for an astronaut to withstand solar heat if the cabin air-conditioning fails. In the "strength of a Sonny Liston" department, Dr. London used the same techniques to improve the strength performance of women.

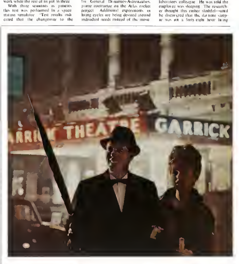
How to stretch a day

Dr. London is cautious about his experimental successes and stresses that motivation other than hypnosis — the desire to do well in a cause such as the space race — can often be just as effective. But many of Dr. London's colleagues regard hypnosis as a mental anesthetic that can relax the limitations that custom has imposed on man's physical potential. Last fall in Philadelphia a group of psychologists, researchers and anesthetists listened with professional awe to a symposium entitled "Hypnosis in Space Research and Military Medicine."

At Cornell University's aeronautical laboratory in Buffalo, New York, engineers are seeking the answers to spacemen's need for exceptional physical strength by down-to-earth mechanical means. They have developed a device that is simply an exterior skeleton of jointed rods strapped to the wearer and which, while allowing him full freedom and flexibility of movement, increases his endurance and strength tenfold.

Another human limitation that is being attacked is the custom or habit that divides the twenty-four-hour day into approximately equal segments of work, leisure and sleep. In one experimental attack the patient, with travel bag and toilet kit in hand, enters a three-story tank for a three-day stay. When he shuts the steel door he shuts off the outside world, including night and day. As instructed, he commences an eighteen-hour regimen: twelve hours of work, six hours of sleep. On the top story of the tank he performs a schedule of mental and mechanical tasks and a regular fifteen-minute stint on a rowing machine. On the second story he eats and has a coffee break. On the bottom story he sleeps but finds he doesn't even need the full six hours. At the end of seventy-two hours he emerges from the tank. He has been conditioned to put in four days of work while the rest of us put in three.

With three scientists as patients this test was performed in a space station simulator. "Test results indicated that the changeover to the eighteen-hour day was accomplished with little or no detriment to morale, physiological well-being or operational capability," says a spokesman for General Dynamics-Astronautics, prime contractor on the Atlas rocket project. Additional experiments in living cycles are being devised around individual needs instead of the movement of the sun. Recently a researcher at the California Institute of Technology expressed curiosity over the once-in-every-two-day absence of a laboratory colleague. He was told the employee was sleeping. The researcher thought this rather slothful—until he discovered that the alternate sleeper was on a forty-eight hour living



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cycle that included a twelve-hour period of sleep. While his colleagues slept this man was working nonstop through the night.

Another department in the human development clinic might be called "hibernate like a bear" — or like Rip Van Winkle — aimed at the complaint that the aging process cannot be slowed down. Cure: the patient reclines in a refrigeration room, his head in an insulated chamber, his body exposed to streams of cold air. In an hour's time his body temperature dips to fifty-seven degrees F — more than a forty-degree drop. His metabolic activity — his expenditure of energy — drops some thirty percent. The drop reduces his oxygen and food requirements. He is in a state approaching suspended animation. The streams of cold air cease. Electrical warming plates are placed beside the patient. In an hour's time, his normal body temperature and metabolic activity are restored. But in that period approaching suspended animation, the patient's organs and body cells were conserved and the aging process retarded.

This experiment in artificial cooling used guinea pigs as patients, but Dr Dale Carpenter, who conducted the program for the Marquardt Corporation, sees man as the ultimate beneficiary. "An astronaut rocketed to the outer universe may well be dead on arrival, for the trip could take eighty years," he explains. "But place him in suspended animation, arrest his aging process, and he could then thaw out upon arrival. At the same time the logistics of oxygen and food could be drastically reduced."

Even on relatively shorter journeys — say fifteen or twenty years — the uncertainty of human health would be a constant threat to the success of the ventures. Statistically a heart attack is the most frequent cause of unpredictable disability or death and any measure that removed this menace would go a long way toward solving this hazard of protracted space travel. The Thermo Electron Engineering Company of Waltham, Massachusetts, is working on what its engineers are confident will be a practical substitute for the vulnerable human heart — a tiny atomic-powered pump that could be placed in the abdomen as a sort of standby heart and automatically take over if the real heart failed. The company is negotiating with the National Heart Institute and the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission for sponsorship to perfect the device.

For space, computer brains

Even that wondrously complex organ the brain is being tinkered with by the far-out fundamental researchers. It is known that the programming of hereditary characteristics is coded and stored in a brain cell substance called DNA. Some scientists now propose that the information of memory may be stored in a companion substance, RNA. Dr R. W. Gerard of the University of California fed rats material that decreased their RNA content. Their ability to learn new tasks was decreased by their inability to recall previously learned tasks. Rats fed an RNA nutrient had their recall ability increased. The evidence connecting RNA and memory is circumstantial, but provides the intriguing possibility that mental nutrition could give space traveling man, when he needed it most, a brain with a superb ability to cope with the complex mathematics of the cosmos — a brain almost as keen and quick, in fact, as any computer ★

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PARADE

Seat of the trouble

A home-bound businessman of considerable size boarded a Dunbar bus in Vancouver as the rush hour started and found every seat taken, most of them with parcel-laden women shoppers. Then he spied a six-inch space between two shoppers at the back of the bus and determinedly wedged himself into it, spread out his evening paper and lost himself in the news. About three miles later the sardine on his right managed to squeeze free, rumpling his paper enough in the process to make him glare up at her. Then she said in a loud clear voice, "All right — now you can lie down" and vanished off the bus.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade c/o Maclean's.

Behind a facade of changelessness, the old city is shaken by conflicts

CHATHAM

continued from page 17

It looks prosperous. It has stores that display merchandise usually sold only in larger places, such as imported dresses bearing the labels of noted couturiers. Its streets are filled with shiny late model cars, a surprising number in the higher-priced category.

It looks historic. In the business section while the ground floor of most buildings is bright and modern — all glass and tile and chrome — the facade of the upper floors above the one-story newness is the weathered brick and stone of the last century.

It looks comfortable. In the more affluent residential neighborhoods, Victorian mansions sit behind tree-shaded lawns and there are downtown offices that reflect a leisurely and placid attitude by closing for lunch and for midmorning and midafternoon coffee breaks.

Chatham looks, indeed, as though it is in a little world of its own, self-contained, timeless, individualistic, thoroughly determined to continue to be that vanishing Canadian institution, the farming centre. Over one building there is still a sign "Gray-Dort Motor Sales." But the last Gray-Dort was assembled in 1922; the building now houses a car wash and The Salvation Army, and Chatham is, whether it likes it or not, changing, acquiring more factories, thrusting suburban wedges into the countryside.

A city divided

As it has in many a community, what is happening in Chatham has stirred sharp conflicts, social and philosophical as well as economic. It has set the champions of the old, the defenders of the status quo, those who would have Chatham stay as it is, against the champions of the new, the ardent proponents of growing and keeping abreast of the times.

It is impossible to measure the extent to which these conflicts have been responsible for the events that have shaken ordinarily quiet and peaceful Chatham and brought it such adverse and unwelcome publicity. But, in the opinion of dozens of Chatham residents I talked with, they have plainly been an underlying factor.

For example, Rev Russell Horsburgh of the Park Street United Church — Chatham's biggest United Church — was under attack from part of his congregation months before he was accused of encouraging teen-agers to have sexual relations in the church building. To these opponents he symbolized what was new — stood for an unwanted break with the past. They regarded him with suspicion and disapproval because he was unorthodox, preached that religion had to adapt itself to existing conditions, and organized activities for youngsters who were roaming the streets and were without normal home privileges. The same unorthodoxy, the same liberalism, the same interest in youth, endeared him to the rest of his congregation.

His flock was already bitterly divided when he was charged, late last July, with conduct that contributed, or might contribute, to juvenile delinquency. And the case, from the outset had an acrimonious tone. C. E. Perkins, for the defense, had sought to question a couple of Crown witnesses in advance of the proceedings, and S. A. B. Ward, for the Crown, declared that this was "the most disgraceful conduct on the part of the defense I have ever witnessed in any court." Cy Perkins, long a friend of Horsburgh, retorted that Ward wanted "to rush into this matter so that a proper defense cannot be brought."

"It is the kind of a case," said the acting judge of the London Juvenile and Family Court, W. H. Fox, "that should be cleared up as quickly as possible."

But the trial dragged on, with interruptions through August, September and October. The more lurid bits of evidence, front-paged across Canada, prompted an inevitable but probably false impression that Chatham's young

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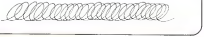

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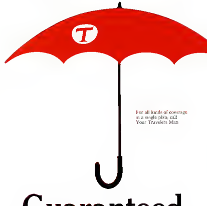

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Who were the terrorists, what was the motive behind their campaign of fear?

are more promiscuous than the young elsewhere. In November Fox sentenced Horsburgh to a year in jail on each of five counts, the sentences to be concurrent, then released him on bail of one thousand dollars pending an appeal.

The Horsburgh affair — still to be concluded as I write this — got Chatham thousands of times more ink in the press than its City of the Year achievements in 1947 and every drop of this ink made proud decent citizens wince.

But now that national attention had been focused on Chatham, now that it was squirming in the limelight, there was more to come. For curious rumors began to circulate about threats to Chatham's aldermen. The rumors grew louder in October when Alderman Blair McKinnon announced that he would retire from the council in January with one year of a two-year term yet to go. McKinnon, a tall handsome man in his sixties who for years has headed the Chatham bureau of the Windsor *Star*, said simply that his doctor had advised him to quit politics for physical reasons. But his fellow newspapermen, and certainly his fellow councillors, were aware that the nervous stress of being subjected to a constant stream of phone calls from individuals who spat curses, insults and threats at him and answered with an infuriating silence when he demanded to know who was speaking had aggravated a skin affliction from which McKinnon suffers.

The threats revolved around what route was to be chosen as the eastern access from Chatham to Highway 401, the superhighway that slices from Windsor, at the extreme southern tip of Ontario on the Detroit River opposite Detroit, to the Quebec border. Those responsible for the phone calls and for anonymous letters were against an access that would skirt Lynnwood, an attractive suburb, and follow Communication Road through fine farms. They were trying, by intimidation, to promote an alternative route via Creek Road.

They did not limit their campaign of harassment to McKinnon. Another target was Alderman Helen Moffat, the plump popular fifty-two-year-old wife of Frank Moffat, an executive of International Harvester Company of Canada, which is Chatham's largest single employer. The Moffats have two daughters, Nancy, twenty-three, who has since gone to California as a nurse, and Susan, twenty-two. A son, Peter, is seventeen.

Mrs. Moffat says she doesn't "scare easily." But letters and phone calls over many months frazzled her nerves. Once a queer menacing voice at the other end of the telephone line told her one of her daughters would be clobbered. Later the same voice, or so she thought, told her to see what was on her porch.

When she opened the door there was a dead pigeon at her feet. To her this was a gruesome token that the threats could no longer be shrugged off, that the threatener was dangerous.

After that the girls were not allowed to go out alone at night. When they went out — accompanied — they let their parents know where they would be and precisely when they would be home. Peter, too, would leave word of where he was going and when he would be back.

On February 6, when Frank Moffat was away on a trip, an anonymous phone call informed his wife that he had lost his job. Actually, he was due to be transferred from one position to another and comparable position with International Harvester but this was supposed to be a secret until February 15, when there would be a company announcement.

Mrs. Moffat apparently believed the caller. She decided she'd had all she could take. On February 8 she resigned from Chatham's council with a dramatic explanation that she had been brought to her knees by the unending harassment. She hinted that somebody in her family had been "irreparably hurt," but did not clarify whether she was referring to the call about her husband's job or the one threatening to "clobber" one of her daughters. When Police Chief Clare Bagnall offered to investigate the threats she replied that she did not want him to — that she just wanted to be left alone.

It subsequently developed that she had deliberately couched her resignation in dramatic phrases to convince those who were plaguing her, and whom she really feared by now, that she had capitulated completely. She hoped by doing this to protect her family.

Dead birds were a warning

Chatham seethed with talk and speculation about the identity of the nameless terrorists, and the former alderman Sanderson stated that the resignation of Mrs. Moffat proved that "something stinks in Chatham." So the council determined that there should be a judicial inquiry.

This was held in March by Judge Bruce Macdonald. Twenty-nine witnesses were heard. But they shed so little light on the situation that the judge, while he said those who made the threats were "despicable," added that "determining their identity is almost impossible." Oddly, though Chatham had been rocked when Mrs. Moffat quit the council, during the Macdonald hearings there was not more than a sprinkling of spectators.

One fact emerged that may have had significance. The nameless conspirators, while wrong about Frank Moffat being dismissed, had, unless what they said to Mrs. Moffat was pure coincidence, managed to learn the close secret that Moffat was leaving the post with International Harvester that he had until then been occupying. There was likewise evidence that they had learned, before Leonard Johnston disclosed his intentions publicly, that Johnston planned to run for the Chatham council, on which he has now replaced Mrs. Moffat. Johnston was harangued by a muffled but abusive voice on the telephone and on two successive Sundays dead starlings were dropped at his door. Those who plotted the intimidation would thus appear to have had inside sources of information.

Who were they? The residents of the suburb, Lynnwood, attended the inquiry voluntarily to swear under oath that they had no part in the threats. Those who suspected them felt they might have been motivated by a wish to keep the Highway 401 access, with its heavy traffic, as far as they could from their property.

Who else might have had a motive? There could have been farmers on Communication Road who didn't want the traffic rolling by their farms. There could conceivably have been speculators gambling that if the alternative route, Creek Road, were selected, the value of adjoining land would increase.

And of course the threats could have come from cranks violently against change who view Highway 401 as the devil's work. Dr. E. G. Pleva, University of Western Ontario geographer, has said this artery will be "the most important single factor changing the economic and social patterns of this province."

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This much is sure. If the terrorists wished to have the access switched from Communication Road to Creek Road they failed, for Communication Road now has been firmly set as the route. If they wished to cause trouble they succeeded. The damage they did Chatham can't be assessed in dollars and cents. They drove from the council two able and sincere citizens who were eager to help improve the community and both of whom had their health impaired by what they went through. Mrs. Moffat, after the Macdonald inquiry, entered hospital for treatment.

Beyond that, they smeared Chatham's reputation, which had been as high as that of any comparable Canadian city and a bit higher than that of most. Canadians asked: What's wrong with Chatham?

There were those who jumped to the conclusion that the basic trouble was racial. Chatham in the middle of the last century was a northern terminal of the "Underground Railroad," an organization that assisted slaves to escape from the southern United States and reach the freedom of Canada. As a result Chatham still has quite a proportion of Negroes in its population and most of them live in one section in comparative squalor. But while they stick pretty much to themselves there is no overt discrimination. They go to the same schools as the whites. A Negro, Andy Harding, is a senior police constable and occasionally golfs at the Maple City Country Club, to which the most prominent Chathamites belong. Ken Milburn, another Negro, is a fireman. Clare Bagnall, a member of the Chatham police force for thirty years, says the Negroes are relatively well-behaved and not a problem. They have been involved in no riots or demonstrations. Chatham's basic trouble is definitely not racial.

There were Canadians too who concluded that an ailing economy was at the root of what had been happening in Chatham. They noted that Chatham is one of more than thirty places in the country that are, in the Ottawa euphemism, "designated" or included in tax incentive programs designed to induce new industries to locate in them. Kent County, of which Chatham is the centre, had a labor force of 30,214 by the last available statistics, with 2,072 job applicants unplaced. But the unemployment sounds worse than it is because such is the nature of Chatham's economy that there are always workers in between jobs. When I talked with Cec Paré, Chatham's industrial commissioner, he reeled off facts about new plants being erected in Chatham and old plants being enlarged.

Most of the plants are, in his phrase, "agriculturally oriented," such as International Harvester Canada and Dominion Sugar, which refines sugar from beets, Canada Packers, Campbell Soup Company, Libby, McNeil and Libby, and concerns that manufacture cans and cardboard containers. Also in Chatham are the headquarters of the Burley Tobacco Marketing Association, the Ontario Seed Growers Marketing Board, the Ontario Soya-bean Growers Marketing Board, the Ontario Sugar Beet Growers and the Ontario Wheat Producers Marketing Board.

The annual value of Kent County's crops and livestock exceeds seventy million dollars. The output of the one county alone is worth far more than the total farm output of any of the four Atlantic provinces.

Here then is the source of Chatham's wealth — and wealth it undoubtedly is. And here is the explanation for the unemployment statistics: different crops are planted and harvested at different times while the canneries and the sugar refinery are seasonal operations. There are married women who work in the canneries each year at the peak of activities to augment the family income by a few hundred dollars, but who, according to Cec Paré, don't want permanent employment. In spite of the unemployment figures Chatham's retail sales are booming. Chatham's wages are at all-time highs, and the owner of a five-hundred-thousand-dollar farm who had been trying to hire men at two dollars an hour to operate tractors had not found them when I was in Chatham in the early spring. When there's no help to be had at two dollars an hour unemployment can hardly be described as critical. What baffled me, and baffled most of those I interviewed, was why Chatham was listed among towns considered to need tax incentives to get industries. Some were pleased that it had been, saying that it would draw factories and the more factories the merrier, while others were displeased, disliking the idea of Chatham being lumped among places that, if not depressed, are next door to it.

The trouble in Chatham, then, is no more economic than racial. Nor can it be traced to a dearth of local pride or spirit. The people there tell you how the Junior Chamber of Commerce was named the outstanding one in the world two or three years ago. They tell you how Tecumseh Park, just off the main street, dates from the War of 1812 and that the Chatham Memorial Arena seats twenty-eight hundred and has standing room for hundreds of others, and that Chatham has one of Canada's best hockey teams and an Olympic-sized swimming pool. They tell you about the fall fair, the annual agricultural conventions, the Kinsmen auditorium, the boating on the Thames River and on Lake St. Clair, into which the Thames empties.

They tell you about the excellent public library and about the museum and how much of Kent County was once malarial swamp and how it was drained by a series of ditches and pumps, and how the same pumps that drain the land can, when there is a very dry summer, be reversed to provide irrigation, so that there is never a crop failure. And they have, more than the people of most smaller cities, a sense of history that is constantly being polished up by Victor Lauriston, who, at eighty-five, is still the chief editorial writer of the Chatham *Daily News* and who in 1952 wrote a 784-page book, *Romantic Kent*, which still sells briskly in Chatham bookstores at five dollars a copy. This mentions, among others, the Chryslers, an early manufacturing family who went on to found the automobile company that bears their name, and the Grays, who manufactured Gray Dorts at Chatham.

It was in 1905 that William Gray built his first horseless carriage. It was a steam engine converted to a gasoline engine and installed in the rear of a carriage. In 1921 Gray-Dort produced nine thousand cars at Chatham. It closed in 1922 because an affiliate in the U.S. folded up and it could not carry on alone. William Gray is still a distinguished resident of Chatham, old now but tall, straight, alert, amiable. When Gray-Dort stopped, Gray applied himself to bringing his town other industries that would fill the gap and largely through his efforts the number of plants in Chatham doubled. Rarely has one man done more for a city to which he felt he had an obligation. Chatham is full of good citizens who try to do things for it.

How did such a place get such a bad reputation? Perhaps at the root of it lies the conflict that exists between the defenders of the old and the proponents of the new, a conflict accentuated in Chatham because it is ancient, set in its ways, imbued with an agricultural ruggedness. Or perhaps it was just unlucky. Perhaps its notoriety simply was touched off by the charges against Horsburgh, who, with the assistance of Rev. Ronald Simonton, another United Church preacher, is completing a book about what Horsburgh regards as his persecution. Perhaps it started there and grew beyond all reason.

I asked Blair McKeeon, the newspaperman and former alderman, what he thought.

"I think," he said, "that Chatham is a wonderful town. It has more than thirty thousand wonderful people. But like every nice town it has a handful of nuts. It's too bad that there is a current tendency to judge Chatham by a tiny lunatic fringe, but that's temporary — that will pass. I'd still rather live in Chatham than anywhere." ★

PARADE

Undercover girls

An airline stewardess from Summerland, B.C., bought a wig, to cut down on the time and money she had to spend in hair-dressing salons. Next time she got home for a visit she found her younger sister the proud owner of a different kind of beauty aid — contact lenses. When they'd finished exchanging news, their mother was startled to hear big sister say to younger sister: "Well, let's put on my instant hairdo and your snap-in eyeballs and go shopping."

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"Here's how to provide a team that reflects the true face of Canadian hockey"

WORLD HOCKEY

continued from page 14

building a national team. But I think he is wrong in thinking that university boys alone can do it. I believe the two years he has spent so far on his plan have been wasted and I foresee the prospect of another wasted two years if we are to go along with him.

Rather than withdraw from the 1966 competition to provide eighteen months of preparation for the all-out do-or-die 1967 championships, I think we must plan now for action that will not only provide us with a strong 1966 team but will assure us of tough contenders — perhaps champions — every year: teams that will show the doubting fans of Europe what our game really is all about back home. We won't need the Gordie Howes and the Bobby Hulls or any of the NHL teams to illustrate it; we can provide a team year after year that reflects the true face of hockey in Canada.

Here's how:

Last time I looked there were forty-six Junior A hockey teams in this country converging on the 1965 Memorial Cup. Roughly two hundred players on those teams are in their final year of junior competition. What will become of them? Two or three will make the big jump directly to the National Hockey League next season. Another twenty-five or thirty will move into the minor professional leagues. Many will go to U.S. colleges on hockey scholarships and still others will take jobs in U.S. towns and play on senior amateur clubs.

I say that none of them should go anywhere until they have been considered for our national team. I say that the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association and the NHL should co-operate in the appointment of a permanent manager and a permanent coach of our national team, two men completely compatible and enjoying the confidence of both organizations. If the NHL were to appoint the coach all six of the professional teams would know that the players were being guided and prepared for potential careers in the NHL after their year with the national team. They'd know that the players were being developed just as expertly as if they were farmed out to a minor pro club. If the CAHA were to appoint the manager, the ruling amateur body would know that its best interests were being served and protected in its quest to regain face in international competition, a goal the oft maligned CAHA would surely welcome.

Ottawa would be headquarters

How do we get the players? Here's how: the moment a manager is appointed his first task would be to contact coaches and managers of the country's Junior A teams for guidance in compiling a list of each team's best junior graduates. He'd also tap them for their assessment of all the junior grads on the other teams in their leagues. That way he'd get a good rundown on the abilities of the top sixty to seventy in the whole country. Next step: invite the players to camp next fall, whether they be university students, professional prospects, interested in learning a trade or looking for immediate employment.

Ottawa as permanent headquarters for the national team has been suggested by Gordon Juckes, secretary-manager of the CAHA. He pointed out that the capital offers universities, trade schools and ample civil-service employment, among other jobs. I think the choice is excellent. Regardless of a boy's plans the opportunities are provided in Ottawa.

Once our players were assembled they'd undergo three weeks of intensive training next autumn with the NHL-appointed coach and the CAHA-appointed manager giving the scrutiny they'd normally reserve for their income-tax returns. After three weeks the best twenty-five players would be chosen (two goalkeepers, eight defensemen and fifteen forwards, thus allowing for injuries). These twenty-five would settle into universities, trade schools or jobs, and a schedule would be set up against the toughest competition possible—mainly American Hockey League clubs such as the Quebec Aces, the Rochester Americans, the Buffalo Bisons and others within easy traveling distance of Ottawa. The Nationals could even take on the Leafs and *Les Canadiens* in exhibitions if the people involved deemed it advisable.

Before leaving for Europe the Nationals would tour Canada playing pro teams on the west coast, senior and junior teams across the prairies and through Ontario to Montreal. I can't imagine them *not* drawing capacity crowds at every stop, with their share easily covering their year's operating expenses (in case *that's* still uppermost in the minds of some officials).

The great advantage of this plan, I believe, is the constant turnover of manpower (excepting of course the manager and the coach). In this respect the team is similar in structure to football's College All-Stars, top U.S. graduates who eventually battle (and sometimes beat) the National Football League champions in the Chicago charity game. Each year in presenting the very essence of our twenty-one-year-old talent we'd demonstrate to the people of Europe, now skeptical, that we produce a continuous supply of colorful, zestful, artistic, accomplished hockey players. Occasionally, of course, if the current team appeared a trifle weak in a particular department, a few players could be retained for a second season. But I'd be surprised if that measure was needed.

From a player's point of view — a really first class player bound for the pros — he would, it is true, miss his first season of professional money. But he'd be exchanging this for a coast-to-coast tour of Canada and an extensive all-expense visit to Europe while polishing his trade. National pride ought to count for something.

From the NHL's point of view the pros would know their staggering investment in the development of amateur players was continuing to pay off under the expert eye of the NHL-appointed coach. From the CAHA's point of view — and from the fans' — there'd be the satisfaction that Canada at last had a solution to its humiliating problem of lost prestige.

But we must move quickly. Once the plan is in operation there'll be no difficulty perpetuating it — but we can't sit around. What better man to launch it — since it's Canada's team — than the prime minister himself, hockey fan *extraordinaire* Lester B. Pearson? Once he or someone delegated by him, has checked out the plan he can consult with CAHA and NHL people for their sanction and then the vital appointments can be made immediately — the naming of a manager and a coach. Then within a few weeks the manager can canvass junior coaches for appraisals of the junior graduates they were watching all winter.

Training camp can be running smoothly next October, a schedule launched in November and a Canadian tour in January. By next spring the Nationals can be showing the rest of the world why hockey is Canada's national game ★

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PARADE

It takes one to read one

A Hungarian doctor moved to Edmonton some years ago but corresponds faithfully with his mother in Budapest. When in a recent letter he told her he was going to move and enclosed his new address, his mother was in despair because his writing is bad enough any time and she found the strange address indecipherable. But her next letter arrived about as promptly as usual, in which she explained how she had suddenly hit on the obvious solution to the problem: she just hustled his letter down to the local druggist, who is used to reading doctors' writing.

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MAILBAG

The wild ones / Where do you put a giant? / Foggy in the cloisters

continued from page 11

possibly maim or kill completely innocent people. Those of us who have driven carefully will mop up the blood and the tears and pay all your bills. Those who have "accidents" do pay more insurance — but only a pittance because those of us who have had no claims are now paying half as much again as we did four or five years ago and if the new rates are as high as predicted this year they will be double. Costs are rising and we expect a slight rise to compensate for this but it is grossly unjust that no-claim drivers should have to pay these shocking increases.
JEAN MACDONALD, TORONTO

★ Jack Batten presented the facts involved in this complex problem most fairly. If every motorist would read the article they would gain an insight into the situation and in many instances would become more tolerant. Some of the increased cost of automobile insurance has been absorbed by the agency body whose commission has been substantially cut in recent years. The higher premium is no bonanza for them either because with the higher costs of rendering their service their "take home" is less than it used to be. — DON MACPHERSON, CHAIRMAN, PUBLIC RELATIONS COMMITTEE, ONTARIO INSURANCE AGENTS ASSOCIATION, LONDON, ONT

Down with wild horses!

Re Norma Beecroft's letter (Mailbag) in which she describes efforts to preserve the wild horses from slaughter. I love horses, but the wild horse is a real nuisance. A prospector stakes his mare and goes off prospecting. If a stud wild horse is near when the prospector returns he finds the stud has made his mare break the rope and has driven her away to his herd. The government is acting wisely: give the wild horse pastures to sheep, deer, etc. — J. KNELLER, VERNON, B.C.

Feet across the border?

I am a native North Dakotan and your story about Paul Rodzik's ill-fated efforts to interest North Dakota in erecting the world's biggest statue (Reviews) led me to wonder if Rodzik might consider changing his plans. Since his project is definitely a big-time operation why not head for big-time financiers? Rather than trifle with prominent North Dakotans I suggest that he consider a monument of similar proportions based on the settling of North Dakota and Manitoba and primarily the establishment of the Hudson's Bay trading posts in both places and go to the U.S. and Canadian governments for financing. This would be quite feasible if the monument were to be built straddling the U.S. and Canadian border in the Peace Gardens.
TOM BRYANT, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

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Question questioned

Are you really serious asking the executive vice president and general manager of Household Finance Corporation, "Aren't Canadians getting dangerously into debt?" (Maclean's Asks The Experts)? You must be kidding. How about next month asking the sheriff of Selma, Alabama, about law and order in respect to the Negro population, or a habitual drunkard if Canadians are drinking too much. Really!
MRS. R. C. CAMPBELL, SASKATOON

Road to bankruptcy?

Allan T. Lambert, president of the Toronto-Dominion Bank, argues that banks should be able to charge more than six percent for loans (Maclean's Asks The Experts). I disagree. Small businesses, lacking financial influence, would become the victims of the higher interest rates. Large companies on the other hand could obtain their own terms, as the banks would be in fear of losing to a competitor. I believe there should be government control on how much interest all financial institutions be allowed to pay as well as charge. In this way it would prevent the rich (depositors) from becoming richer and the poor (small borrowers) from becoming bankrupt.
G. R. MACDONALD, SCARBOROUGH, ONT

Change – but for the better?

In Ian Sclanders' *What's Wrong With Canada And How To Put It Right* there's talk of more latitude for Quebec's provincial government and a corresponding curtailment of federal authority. How stupid can people get? Quebec is a province of Canada and it should have the same privileges as all the rest—no more, no less. If it can't make a go of it on this basis it had better take a good look in the mirror. If Canada can't be run from Ottawa where do we go from here?
J. B. MCINTYRE, SHERWOOD PARK, ALTA.

★ Your excerpts from *The Prospect Of Change: Proposals For Canada's Future*, the new book examined by Sclanders, include a formal recognition of "change" which is a colossal step forward for the men from the other side of the cloister, but the inconsistent character of their opinions shows that they still do not fully understand the word. When they speak of increasingly active state intervention in the economic life of the nation, of the need to democratize our political parties, to increase economic aid to underdeveloped lands, to guarantee all Canadians sufficient income for a decent living standard and to increase trade with the Soviet Bloc, they are touching, I think, the heart of the social and moral problems created by a truly international world. In contrast to this spirit is the reiteration of Professor of Political Economy Melville H. Watkins that "there is no convincing evidence that foreign ownership is a threat either to Canadian independence . . . or to our ability to exercise effective domestic policy." Surely the evidence is at hand in every South American and Asian country where Americans have sunk huge amounts of capital?—JACK PINE, TORONTO

Their favorite U.N.C.L.E.

This is a protest against *Why No Spoof Can Ever Kill UNCLE* (Reviews). For your information *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* is one of the most interesting television shows in many an age. *Danger Man* is a fabulous show and even comparable. U.N.C.L.E. also has a very high rating and is the talk of our class. So there! When you write stuff like that it bothers Canada's youth. We like crime and excitement rather than boring documentaries and such. We have time to worry about those when we're old.—CAMILLE MAXWELL, WINNIPEG

"Contemptible advice"

The Argument by Geoffrey Haughington casts an entirely wrong light on my profession (*Why It's Time To Fire People: That "Hard Headed" Boss of Yours Is Far Too Soft Hearted*). When it comes to disposal of superfluous manpower, the methods of most of my colleagues would certainly not resemble his. The most important part of our work is dealing with human beings, and this in a humane way. He who professes to be a management consultant and has to gain the confidence of his clients cannot reconcile his work with the contemptible advice to his clients to stand over a department executive to prevent his taking files. Instead of firing, it is the job of the management consultant to see that every man in the company is used to his capacities and that every post is filled by persons having the qualities to fill it. This is why, when there is "deadwood" in a company, it is almost always possible to put these persons to a proper use in the company itself. I am sure that many Canadian colleagues will agree with me that the working with human beings and not the destruction of them is an indispensable part of our work. — OTTO [illegible], MARNES-LA-COQUETTE, FRANCE

A question of honesty

After reading your Editorial *A Simple Question of Honesty* I might say that the degree of censure was most carefully and pleasantly worded so one might excuse the appalling state Prime Minister Pearson has allowed his government to continue to degenerate into.
W. [illegible], LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA

A listing list, Herr Doktors?

In reference to *New Guide For Drinkers* (Reports): it has taken these German doctors a long time to come up with "new scientific justification" for their belief in the virtue of moderation. But the fact that not one bad influence is listed indicates a bias. Observers will have noticed that many elderly chronic drinkers are such a damned nuisance to themselves and to society that they might better die ten or fifteen years sooner. When you consider that the food and drug acts would not permit any such list of claims in paid advertising, you begin to wonder what kind of reputable doctors would associate their names with such a list.
EVERETT BAKER, SHAUNAVON, SASK. ★

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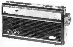

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MACLEAN'S REVIEWS

MAY 15 1965 VOLUME 78 NUMBER 10

OTTAWA'S GANG WAR AND HOW IT FIZZLED

WHEN IT ALL BEGAN it was as innocent as — well as innocent as a run-of-the-mill story in a weekend supplement

Joan Baxter MacLeod an Ottawa freelance writer was instructing the readers of the Ottawa *Journal's* Saturday Feature Section on the intrinsic differences between two of the city's leading teenage groups The Squirrels and the Yohawks, she wrote are as different in appearance as Britain's Mods and Rockers. Squirrels she reported "are an offshoot of the Elvis Presley era dressing mainly in the black garb of the motorcyclist. The Yohawks (alias Beach Bums) pattern themselves on California's Beach Boys often sitting in hot tubs in their jeans to shrink them figure tight and sometimes peroxiding their hair

These facts were at least mildly surprising to some *Journal* readers including some parents of Squirrels and Yohawks but they were scarcely controversial And Mrs MacLeod didn't suspect she was being any more contentious when in her third last paragraph she wrote While Britain's Mods and Rockers are famous for violent fights Ottawa's major castes are usually peaceful Skirmishes are rare They go to different haunts and try to avoid each other

But here's a blow-by-blow account of what happened

● RUMORS BEGAN circulating that the article — particularly the one paragraph — would lead to a gang war Notices went up on high-school bulletin boards announcing a "Squirrel hunt" Police got tips that a large-scale rumble was set for the following Friday night

● WHEN FRIDAY NIGHT came, police took the initiative They patrolled the streets questioning roaming teenagers and dispersing any they found at likely trouble spots No rumble developed but several disturbances occurred For drinking fighting and carrying offensive weapons eighteen teenagers were charged The weapons included several hunting knives one sharp-pointed oyster knife and most appalling of all a three-foot club studded with spikes

● BY NEXT DAY the teenage lawbreakers were front page news. Though the *Journal* emphasized what hadn't happened after all ("Police Nip Rumble in Bud") and gave the story less play than the rival *Citizen* ("Ottawa Teens Feud") the *Journal* was frank about its own involvement Its story said one of the teenagers told police they had taken offense at Mrs. MacLeod's description of them as peaceful

● IN COURT MONDAY Magistrate Glenn E Strike said he'd never seen a court list like it in all his years of experience and warned of "tragedy in the offing." (Again the *Citizen* gave this story bigger play — but it was still front-page news in both papers.)

● NEXT DAY Mrs MacLeod appeared on CBOT-TV's lively public affairs program, *7½ Citizens* along with a teenager who said the Friday night troubles had been started by gang members wanting to disprove her contention "They wanted to show they were really really great and they did have rumbles," he said Reaction to the show was mixed Eight Squirrels arrived at the station to complain and scores of adults phoned mostly to praise the program

● THROUGH THE REST of the week, the Squirrels and Yohawks enjoyed rare notoriety around Ottawa. Letter writers bombarded the papers with their opinions including one charge in the *Citizen* that "another local paper was to blame because of its irresponsible reporting" (Nobody explained what was "irresponsible" about describing two groups of young people as "usually peaceful") Mrs MacLeod herself got some of the strongest letters pro and con including one signed by ninety-one resentful Squirrels another by a boy accusing her of breaking up his romance now that his girl's parents knew he was a Squirrel they weren't allowed to date.

● MEANWHILE, NEW RUMORS circulated about a real rumble on the coming Friday night This time the word was that gangs from other cities (presumably Toronto and Hamilton) would invade Ottawa Apparently for the benefit of the few who hadn't been getting the rumors loud and clear the *Journal* that Friday carried a little two-column heading on page one Police Brace for Trouble

● THE SECOND FRIDAY night came but again no rumble developed Police blotter sixteen young people nabbed for drinking only two for carrying offensive weapons "About normal" Chief Axcell decided

● WITH GANGDOM presumably back to normal too Bill Metcalfe, managing editor of the *Journal* insisted Mrs MacLeod's article hadn't incited any violence after all "Any young people who did court violence and then tried to blame an innocuous article are simply evading their own responsibility" And Christopher Young editor of the *Citizen* agreed "I thought it was a good story and I don't think it can be blamed"

Now Mrs MacLeod figures she performed a real public service for parents "A lot of them say their sons or daughters were Squirrels or Yohawks and they didn't know it until they read about the groups in the paper" EILEEN TURCOTTE

Joan MacLeod the freelance writer who almost started a rumble between Ottawa's Mods and Rockers — by saying the kids were "usually peaceful"

CARTOON GAG COMES TRUE

THAT CARTOON CLICHE of the corked bottle containing a message is turning out to be one of the best ideas yet for studying ocean currents

In the past fourteen years, Canadian and U S research scientists have dropped 136,000 corked pop bottles into the Atlantic from ships, planes and drilling rigs between Newfoundland and Florida Each bottle contains a self addressed postcard offering the finder a small reward for filling in the date and location of the find

Most of the returned postcards have been found in bottles along the North American coast but two percent reached foreign countries in most distant Atlantic regions

Charts made from the pop-bottle data are helping researchers answer old questions about the migratory habits of fish and new ones about the best places to dump atomic wastes.

CLEAR DAYS ON THE B & B SCENE

How one firm is getting rich on the bicultural boom—by dubbing films

TO FRENCH SPEAKING television viewers one evening last spring it must have looked as though biculturalism was really working after all There on their screens was John Diefenbaker at an election rally briskly silencing a heckler with "Mon ami, si vous ne craignez pas d'entendre la vérité taisez-vous" Then they saw Mike Pearson Tommy Douglas and Robert Thompson also at election rallies also speaking impeccable witty French

They weren't of course The program was a Montreal CBC production called *Sextant* and its aim was to show viewers how federal leaders might appear if they campaigned in French. Although the film was authentic footage from the last federal election campaign the voices were those of a French-Canadian actor and the astonishing effect of genuine bilingualism was achieved by two young Montrealers Yvon Charette and André Séguin

Four years ago they founded a film-dubbing company called Synchro Quebec Limitée Today mostly because of Quebec's current film-making boom but also as a result of the

Yvon Charette with movieola the man who made Diefenbaker speak perfect French

current passion for biculturalism they're growing fast and taking away business from Paris, still the world's film-dubbing capital. For Synchro Québec's customers the benefits are readily apparent: reshooting a half-hour TV film in another language costs about thirty thousand dollars. Charette and Seguin can dub it for under two thousand.

It's a slow process. Charette and Seguin sometimes spend an entire day just gazing at films of actor's lip movements before starting to write the new script. For the actual translation Charette uses the original script and an editor's movieola — a projector with a small TV-like screen and floor pedals to stop, advance or reverse the film. He'll often spend a day watching and writing, watching and rewriting, to produce five minutes of good translation.

At the recording session the actors wear headsets on which the original language is heard softly a second or two in advance of the film being projected on the screen. This is to help them match the original phrasing and retain maximum dramatic meaning. Once a single line — "we all had to eat" — was recorded thirty times before Charette was satisfied.

It's that sort of care that keeps Synchro Québec busy with dubbing orders from such film makers as the National Film Board, Crawley Films and the CBC. Sometimes they're embarrassingly successful. One CBC executive, after screening a Synchronized film was unimpressed. "Nonsense," he said. "This film was shot in French and English." It took a phone call to the film's director to convince him otherwise. To Charette and Seguin his disbelief was the supreme compliment. JOAN IRWIN

Michener on movies

SEAN O'CASEY GETS HIS OWN BIOPIC

But would the playwright recognize himself—or Dublin—in "Young Cassidy"?

IF YOU READ the opening credits of *Young Cassidy* carefully you will discover that the picture was based on the autobiography of Sean O'Casey. Otherwise it's a pretty well kept secret.

Of course anyone who already knows O'Casey's life story will recognize the events of his young years as a pamphleteer and playwright in troubled Dublin. But the moviegoer who hasn't read O'Casey's plays might well wonder what makes Johnny Cassidy (Rod Taylor at his most likable) any different from the general run of brash, brawling, silver-tongued Irishmen. "Cassidy loves life so much a lesser heart would burst," say the ads. "No man is more earthy, none soars higher than he!" Ah, that explains it.

Young Cassidy is what *Variety* calls a biopic, and as such it's pretty enjoyable. A biopic sets out to convince you that it must have been nice to be Madame Curie or Glenn Miller or whoever by stringing together the juicy bits of a person's life—like fighting and loving—into some kind of success story. There are always troubles at the beginning, but they're only to let you know that your troubles too are just the April showers of life. That isn't exactly the way O'Casey felt about the bloody Easter Rising of 1916, but then he didn't know how the story would come out.

Cassidy lives in a slum, but it's a color-co-ordinated poverty. His mother and sister die of the hard life but somehow Johnny looks as well fed as the head of the seamen's union. Things threaten to turn ugly during the Dublin tramworkers' strike but soon Cassidy is rushing away to bed Daisy Battles (Julie Christie).

In this wash of warm Irish atmosphere the literary characters—Lady Gregory grandly impersonated by Dame Edith Evans and W. B. Yeats by Michael Redgrave—seem to have wandered in from some other movie. We are occasionally reminded that Johnny sits up nights writing plays for the Abbey Theatre, but his sweetheart Nora (Maggie Smith) gets all the lines. We see the lovers rushing rapturously through the wild Irish green of County Wicklow, but we never hear more than a few heckled speeches from an O'Casey play. At least in *The Glen Miller Story* you get to hear some of the music that made him famous.

ANTHONY QUINN HAS never been anyone's idea of the boy next door. With his heavy Mexican-Irish features he's a kind of national chameleon. And since he played Zampano the strong man in *La Strada* in 1954, he's become everyone's favorite primitive man.

Directors in both Hollywood and Europe have cast him as Arab, Italian, Eskimo, French, Jewish and Greek but always as a violent or basically physical sort of man. What prompted him to move to Europe a few years ago is that Americans see him as a foreigner (therefore in supporting roles) while Europeans are prepared to see him as one of themselves (therefore in leading roles), sometimes even as a hero like Zorba the Greek.

Zorba The Greek, Quinn's current picture, is not the best he's ever made but it is his best role, and he owes it to a Greek director, Michael Cacoyannis. Zorba (Quinn) is a lusty life-affirming Greek laborer (the physical man with added spiritual qualities) who teams up with a permanently embarrassed British writer (Alan Bates) on his way to Crete. The writer thinks in his careful well-intentioned way to benefit the poor locals by working a lignite mine he's inherited.

This contrast of Greek dionysiac with Anglo-Saxon puritan will seem pretty familiar to anyone who saw Melina Mercouri loosen up Jules Dassin in *Never On Sunday*. It reminded me of the fable about the busy ant and the bohemian grasshopper which for years was used to teach children to work hard. But now that automation promises leisure, the moral is not so clear. Some teachers (even Anglo-Saxon ones) say that the ant is a calculating, no-fun tightwad while the singing grasshopper really knows how to live. And that, very roughly, is the point of view of *Zorba The Greek*.

As a whole the picture doesn't come off, partly because Quinn completely overshadows Alan Bates. Partly, too, because so much is unexplained. I was left wanting to read the original novel by Nikos Kazantzakis to find out what was really going on. But there are moments of brilliance, and some fine performances. Irene Papas smolders magnificently until she gets stoned to death, and Lila Kedrova proves that charm, if nothing else, survives into old age.

WENDY MICHENER

Anthony Quinn, passionate and primitive as ever, plays his best role yet in "Zorba The Greek"

Strabo on television

LET'S QUIT SUBSIDIZING MUSIC SHOWS

... except "Time of Your Life," the only variety that spices life at the CBC

SLOWLY but certainly the CBC has been getting out of the variety business. Next season, it now appears, even Juliette may disappear from her post-hockey spot on Saturday nights.

This has been okay with me, by and large — Juliette included. I've never been strongly for or against popular singers and dancers and production numbers on television. They've always seemed to me to be sort of fillers. And they were better in old movies anyway.

But on the CBC they leave me even colder than usual. Even if you like singers and dancers, etc., there's no need for the CBC to deliver them in subsidized packages, and few ways for it to deliver them in unsubsidized ones. Canadian hoofers aren't essentially different from American hoofers in the way that, say, Canadian documentary subjects are (or ought to be) essentially different from American documentary subjects. No nation's identity is going to stand or fall on the ability of its television stars to sing *Mrs Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter*, as it just might stand on the ability of some newscasters to focus attention on common problems, crises and triumphs. So I've always felt that if the CBC concludes that Canadians need variety programs, let it buy old Andy Williams specials the way it buys *Jack Benny* and *Perry Mason*.

(Purely commercial television, of course, is a different case: after it satisfies the somewhat arbitrary Canadian content rules that have been laid down for it, its brief is only to attract as many viewers as it needs to survive, and to offer some alternative to the CBC.)

Well, now I have an exception to all this. It's a program called *Time Of Your Life* that's hidden away at 5.30 EDT on Sundays. The reason I've come to notice it only lately is that it's billed as being for teenagers (the magazine *TV Guide* even drops it to "Children") and ordinarily I avoid television programs for teenagers as assiduously as I once tried to avoid acne. Too many of them — I might have said all of them before discovering *Time Of Your Life* — consist of tribal Dance Parties in the studio, interspersed with interviews between one beardless nincompoop and four callow youths without haircuts or lapels who then proceed to mouth the words of their latest contender for the top seventy-two.

But not *Time Of Your Life*. It's the freshest variety program I've seen on national Canadian television yet, and one of the freshest I've seen anywhere. It offers new hope that the high standards the CBC is occasionally able to bring to so many aspects of broadcasting may yet mean new interest among the older singers, dancers, etc. I mean, if it can work up a teenage program this good, nothing is impossible.

The keynote of *Time Of Your Life* is vitality. Its stars are all teenagers: often corny, sometimes coy, frequently reaching beyond their talents — but always trying and swinging and having an infectiously good time themselves. They are in fact among the only television performers of any kind who week after week seem to be *honestly* enjoying themselves so much that it's impossible not to get caught up by their enthusiasm. This is a very ephemeral quality on television — genuine enjoyment can so quickly turn into self-conscious, deliberate, and therefore unpleasant charm — and it's particularly rare to find it among teenagers either in public or private.

The names of the five young people I've noticed particularly are Peter Kastner, Michele Finney, Brian Foley, Sherri-Lee Hall and Wayne Murphy. Kastner and Miss Finney are both about as familiar to regular CBC viewers as it's possible for performers of so tender years to get: both have appeared on a number of young people's programs. On *Time Of Your Life* both blossom out as very passable singers and Kastner plays an adequate five-string banjo. (One of my few quibbles about the program is that he also likes playing his banjo on difficult tunes. I wish someone would tell him if he's not going to play it he should put it down.)

Foley is a dancer and the best I've seen since Don Gillies: most of his work is simple and bouncy, backed by three lithe and pretty girls, and all of it conveys the same message of youth, vitality and enjoyment that typifies the whole program. Sherri-Lee Hall is a singer who confines most of her work on *Time Of Your Life* to tunes of the day, but her voice is so true and pretty that I'm sure she has a promising future in whatever branch of music she chooses to follow. And Murphy, or Murph as he's called on the show, a gangly young fellow with a moon-struck face and horn-rimmed glasses, is the most gifted young comic actor I've seen in a very long time.

Michele Finney and Peter Kastner purveying the young look on the CBC

I understand Miss Finney is already considering leaving Canada to try for bigger things. Others of the *Time Of Your Life* crowd will doubtless be tempted too, sooner or later. In spite of my general feelings about variety and in spite of the fact that even if they do all go to the U.S. we'll probably see most of them on American television sometime, I hope it's as late as possible.

They're certainly a lot more fun than Juliette.

Bannerman on books

EXPANDING THE FRONTIER OF TEDIUM

Lord Avon proves he could make even Judgment Day sound pretty boring

"SHORTLY AFTER sunrise I waked, or regained consciousness, to find myself in an open grave. Looking around me I observed that all the other graves in the churchyard were open. Suddenly a trumpet sounded and those in the graves stood up, as I did, which led me to suppose that the Day of Judgment had dawned. This subsequently proved to be the case."

When and if the Earl of Avon, the former Anthony Eden, describes his experiences on the Great Day, he'll probably do it pretty much like that — accurately, flatly, concisely and with careful detachment. He will, that is to say, if *The Reckoning* (Longmans Canada, $9.25), the third volume of his memoirs, is anything to go by.

In it he covers the fateful period from the Munich crisis of 1938 until the end of the Second World War, yet he does it in a way so bloodless and even boneless that his book, which could have been fascinating, is a monumental bore.

This is particularly disappointing in view of the positions Eden held during that period. In 1938, when the Munich crisis began, he was Britain's foreign secretary as he had been for six years. He resigned in protest against Chamberlain's appeasement policy, but when war broke out Chamberlain put him in charge of the Dominions Office with the special privilege of sitting in at meetings of the war cabinet.

In the spring of 1940 Churchill, who'd taken over as prime minister, appointed him secretary of state for war, and that winter switched him back to the foreign office, where he stayed as its head until the end of the war.

Thus Eden had a matchless chance to watch history in the making. He was closer to great events than all but a handful of others in high places, most of whom were his working colleagues and about whom he could have told us all sorts of revealing details.

Lord Avon has done no such thing. Not even Churchill, his superior and intimate friend, is portrayed with convincingly life-like touches. Men like Roosevelt, Stalin, De Gaulle and Eisenhower are reduced to little more than their names and bare outlines of their deeds and policies. His nearest approach to a word picture of Roosevelt is to say that when they first met he "displayed all the charm I had been led to expect." De Gaulle is described at Lord Avon's first meeting with him only as "a tall and somewhat angular figure in uniform."

Our own Mackenzie King was a very lit old man. And many of the great events Lord Avon tells about are similarly reduced, except as to their driest factual details, to the same terse banality. His summary of the fall of France, for example, gives that disaster rather less dramatic impact than the fall of a cake when the oven door is accidentally slammed.

Also newly on the shelf

- MUTCHMOR, J. R. Mutchmor (Ryerson, $5.50). These memoirs of Canada's best-known Protestant churchman help to explain his celebrated intemperate advocacy of temperence by giving his background — the now vanishing Ontario he grew up in, which still seems to influence him so notably as to make him a kind of museum piece.

- 3 ON A TOOTHBRUSH, Jack Paar (Doubleday, $5.95). TV has probably prepared you for this book, an account of Jack's travels with his wife and daughter to various countries, plus a collection of superficial essays on various things. A pleasant waste of time. JAMES BANNERMAN

A VINTAGE MONTH FOR VIOLINISTS

In new recordings, Stern and Francescatti bring new fire to old standards

- ISAAC STERN. Prokofiev Violin Concertos No. 1 in D major and 2 in G minor (Columbia). A farsighted Russian official during World War I exempted the twenty-five-year-old Prokofiev from military service. The D major Concerto with its biting wit and sinuous melodies is a product of that period. Although the second concerto was written nineteen years later, both have the dash that responds to Stern's lusty bowing and the Philadelphia's great sound under Ormandy's direction. Technically the recording is superb.

- ZINO FRANCESCATTI. Three French Violin Favorites (Columbia). Saint-Saens' Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, the all-time favorite with concert audiences, is brought to a boil at the hands of the fieriest of first-rank violinists. Tzigane, Ravel's tribute to the latent gypsy in all fiddlers, is the kind of virtuosic work that is usually marred by effort. Francescatti plays it as he breathes. The intensely expressive *Poem* by Ernest Chausson on the flip side of the record is sixteen minutes of sustained poetry. ON

TV HIGHLIGHTS

On your screen this fortnight

- THE SERIAL. *Cariboo Country*, a new series, half drama and half documentary, about the people of the B.C. cow country, written by Vancouver's Paul St. Pierre (CBC, Thursday, May 6, 8.30 p.m. EDT).

- TELESCOPE. Two of Canada's best-known women sculptors, Florence Wyle and Frances Loring, talk with host Fletcher Markle (CBC, Friday, May 7, 9.30 p.m. EDT).

- TIME OF YOUR LIFE. *Ants Don't Leave Footprints*. A science-fiction drama by eighteen-year-old Toronto writer Norman Skulnick, starring Gary Krawford, Peter Kastner and Michele Finney (CBC, Sunday, May 9, 5.30 p.m. EDT).

- THE DOCTORS. Second of a four-part series on public health services. Tonight a look at the doctors' public image (CBC, Monday, May 10, 10 p.m. EDT).

- SHOW ON SHOWS. Artist Jack Shadbolt interviewed at his home in Vancouver (CBC, Sunday, May 16, 5 p.m. EDT).

ARGUMENT

MAY 15 1965 VOLUME 78 NUMBER 10

MICHAEL BLISS asks

What happened in 1867? Nothing much. So why bother about the centennial?

CANADIANS are currently being asked to participate in a twelve month orgy of patriotism in 1967 without being told exactly what they're supposed to be celebrating. Of course we'll celebrate a centennial — but a centennial of *what*? Most of us vaguely believe the event marks one hundred years of nationhood or independence. In believing this, we are the victims of a myth which hasn't the slightest shred of truth. The historians, journalists, and professional patriots who propagate it are distorting the facts of history to fit their emotional and intellectual preconceptions.

What happened in 1867? Nothing much really. By an act of the British parliament, the British North American colony of Canada (Canada East and Canada West, or Ontario and Quebec) discarded an unworkable form of government and enlarged its territory and population by less than one third. No new nation was created. And there was no change whatsoever in the relations between this new colony and its mother country.

Britain's various North American colonies had been given local self-government in the 1840s. From that time until 1867, their legislative assemblies controlled their internal affairs, but all external affairs were handled by the mother country. The colonies had no diplomatic relations with foreign countries (or with each other), appointed no ambassadors, and signed no treaties. They acquiesced completely in Britain's foreign policy and were not even responsible for their own defense.

Sovereignty in the colonies lay not with the people, but with the British crown. Britain appointed each colony's governor. And the British parliament not only could veto colonial legislation, but could also pass laws binding on the colonies.

Confederation did nothing to alter this state of affairs. Canada after 1867 still had no voice in foreign policy. It's true that Sir John A. Macdonald spoke for Canada at the Washington conference of 1871, but he did so as a member of the *British* delegation. And when his concept of Canada's interests clashed with the other delegates' notions of British interests, Macdonald was ignominiously defeated.

When Britain went to war in 1914, Canadians unanimously agreed that we were at war too — automatically. This vital aspect of independence — Canada's right to choose between war and peace — was still in question as late as 1939. As a deliberate gesture of independence Mackenzie King had parliament issue its own declaration of war, after Britain's declaration just so there would be no doubt about the matter.

Even in peacetime, Canada didn't really conduct her own foreign relations until almost sixty years after Confederation. We sent no ambassadors abroad until 1927. And it wasn't until 1923 that we conducted our own diplomatic negotiations, when Ernest Lapointe negotiated a fisheries treaty with the U.S.

Many other examples of our continued colonial status could be listed — not the least of which was the absence, until this year, of an official Canadian flag. Even today, literal-minded constitutionalists might argue that Canada *still* isn't wholly independent — because we continue to acknowledge the British crown as the ultimate source of political right.

But that's quibbling. Although in a strict sense we're not as independent as, say, the Republic of Tanzania, we're as independent as we used to be. And this brings us back to the main question: what exactly are we supposed to be celebrating two years from now? And if 1967 is the wrong year for our nation's hundredth anniversary of independence, which year is the right one?

The answer seems to be that just about any year will do. The year 2031, as the centennial of the Statute of Westminster, would be a logical one. It was in 1931 that Britain relinquished most of the restrictions on Canada's independence. But since our colonial status gradually withered away during the 1920s it might be best to choose 1925 as a pragmatic midpoint. That way we could give our super patriots something to celebrate only ten years from now — our golden anniversary.

It has been argued by some historians that even though Canada didn't become independent in 1867, it *did* become a nation. By "nation" they mean that Confederation was a union of two distinct cultures which formed some entirely new cultural entity. We became "Canadians" rather than Englishmen or Frenchmen.

Aside from the obvious facts that such a union is nowhere mentioned in the BNA Act, and that every French Canadian constitutional expert rejects this view, the ninety eight years since Confederation have done little to actualize this hope. To celebrate the centennial of the founding of a unique Canadian culture would be even more foolish and self-deluding than to call 1967 our hundredth anniversary of independence.

Why, come to think of it, are we so intent on deluding ourselves that anything important happened in 1867? I suggest that it's a symptom of sincere but misguided nationalism. We can't bear the idea of our history being so dull; secretly, we envy the Americans, whose national history at least started with a resounding bang.

Confederation, by contrast with 1776, was scarcely a whimper. The main reason Ontario and Quebec approached the Maritimes to join Confederation was that they'd been united since 1840 under a single government which hadn't worked for the last decade. Both Ontario and Quebec hoped the addition of the Maritimes to their union would help break their political deadlock. They also hoped the establishment of a federal system of government would allow the two races to draw further apart — not closer together as some historians have assumed.

The Maritimes weren't keen on joining. Prince Edward Island chose to stay out. And if it hadn't been for pressure from London, and the fact that their people weren't allowed a direct vote on the issue, both New Brunswick and Nova Scotia probably would have stayed out too. Nova Scotia's first delegation to the new federal parliament, in fact, was dedicated to procuring their province's secession from Canada. (Considering the benefits Nova Scotians have received since then, I wonder if they wouldn't have been better off if their MPs had succeeded.)

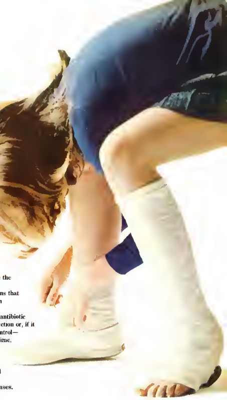
And so, with a resounding whimper, Confederation came to pass. Ontario and Quebec had broken their union and expanded to include a couple of tiny reluctant Maritime provinces. And lacking an historical bang, Canadians ninety eight years later are doing their best to create an imaginary one.

Another factor in our new-found worship of 1867 has been the resurgence of interest in Sir John A. Macdonald. Thanks largely to the work of Professor Donald Creighton, Canadians have at last begun to appreciate the achievements of their first prime minister. Although he gave Canada neither independence nor nationhood, he *did* create a transcontinental colony with a potential for future greatness. But none of this was achieved in 1867 — even though we're being asked to pretend that it did.

Perhaps the only consolation for people with a respect for historical accuracy is the thought that our national celebration in 1967 will probably turn out to be as hollow as the event it celebrates.

Michael Bliss, who plans to do postgraduate work in history, now teaches in a Toronto high school

Our centennial celebrations deserve to fizzle says history buff Michael Bliss because Canada didn't really become a nation in 1967



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